The Story of My Life

By HALL CAINE,

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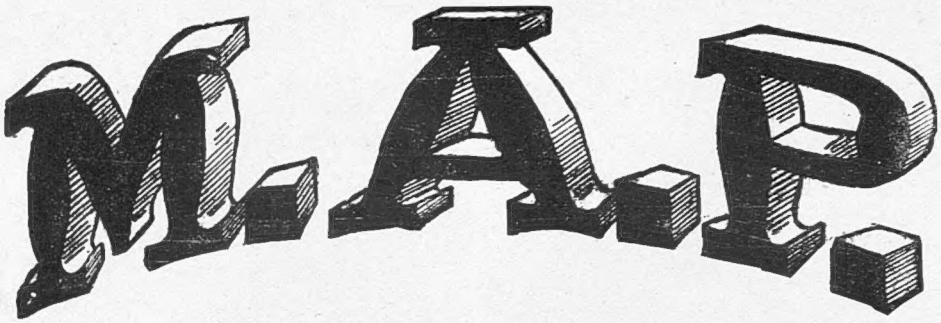

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WHY THE MANX PEOPLE QUICKLY QUARREL.
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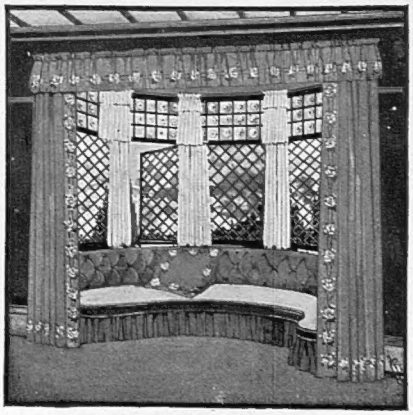

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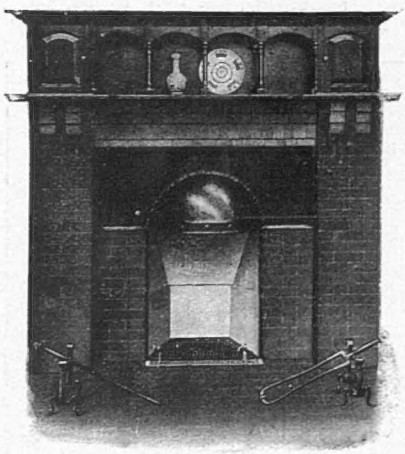

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The Bystander, April 15, 1908

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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 228.—Vol. XVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 15, 1908 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Topical Agency*

A ROYAL REUNION

The King of Saxony taking al fresco refreshment with his little daughter, the Princess Monica Pia, for the first time since she has been restored to him by her eccentric mother, Mme. Toselli

No. 228.—Vol. XVIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Poems of Robert Browning." Edited by Augustine Birrell. (Jack: 2s. 6d. net.)
"A Knight Errant in Turkey." By Arthur Oakstone. (Greening: 6s.)
"Seen and Unseen." By E. Katherine Bates. (Greening: 1s. net.)
"The New Galatea." By Samuel Gordon. (Greening: 6s.)
"Leroux." By the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes. (Greening: 6s.)
"Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Rousseau in England." By J. Churton Collins. (Eveleigh Nash: 4s. 6d. net.)
"The Training of the Imagination." By James Rhoades. (Long.)
"Speaking Rather Seriously." By W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
"Pedlar's Pack." By Oliver Onions. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 15, 1908

Those persons who, in view of Mr. Asquith's absence on the Continent last week, thought they had a good opportunity to postpone still further the payment of their Income Tax are now sadly disappointed.

* * *

What a difficult season Easter is for holiday-makers. They know about their other holidays. At Christmas it rains. At Whitsuntide it rains. On August Bank Holiday there are "Showers in the morning. Rain later. Thunderstorms locally." (Locally, by the way, in its meteorological sense, means wherever one happens to be.) But at Easter anything may happen. It may be fine. It may even be warm.

* * *

Those going to Rome for Easter will be interested to know that the general strike is over. In some parts of Italy it is not easy to tell whether a strike is on or not. Italians—or, perhaps, one should say Southern Italians—are like plumbers in that respect. They may be working or not. You can't judge by their appearance. Tourists, therefore, should note that the strike in Rome is officially over.

* * *

"Be genial, Mr. Asquith, and let who will be clever," seems to be the general attitude towards our new Prime Minister. That was to be expected. It was the other way round with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. And it is not clear to "the present writer" (if Mr. Alfred Austin has not copyrighted the expression) whether it is easier to be genial or to be clever. The great difference is that a reputation for cleverness will last years after the brain-pan has become but a normal thing, whereas geniality—to be acknowledged—has to be renewed daily. Practising smiles in a glass might help—until an Irish Member arose, bent on mischief. Then nothing short of a "Make-you-smile" machine will keep the features in just the position that denotes geniality and not imbecility. Does this machine exist? If not, why should it not be invented for Prime Ministers?

* * *

Less useful things are constantly invented. Look at the periscope spectacles just patented by M. Soulié. They are to enable the wearer to see what is going on behind his back; and detectives, it is reported, are to try the invention. Why detectives? Is it to be supposed that the burglar whom the detective cannot perceive in front of him is in the habit of walking just behind, making long noses at him?

* * *

Most people see so little of what is in front of them that we regard periscope spectacles as most unnecessary. A schoolmaster might find them useful, perhaps. Most people would find them a source of irritation. Think of a preacher who sees the congregation in front of him deeply impressed putting on his periscopes and finding that the people behind are fast asleep. What a horribly contradictory state of affairs it would seem! Or consider an elderly lady who has half crossed the Strand discovering with the aid of her periscopes that a taxicab is whirring up in her wake. She would instantly rush back into it; and her periscopes would be useful only for identifying her.

* * *

Mr. Arnold Forster has denounced Mr. Haldane's scheme for creating Volunteer Field Batteries as a "dangerous policy." But is it wise of Mr. Forster to alarm farmers and their men beforehand? The Volunteer Batteries may take some time before they become expert. But, after all, there are not so many people in the country that they could hit. And some sacrifices must be made for the Empire.

* * *

The old question, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" is said to have a fascinating interest at present for the Mile End Guardians. The answer, of course, cannot as yet be given, as the case is still *sub judice*.

* * *

Hackenschmidt has always been such an out-and-out partisan of Græco-Roman wrestling that it was scarcely likely he would approve of the Gotch-as-Gotch-Can style. Still, he ought not to have complained of the American idea of sport. Such complaints are becoming so common that Americans are beginning to be hurt by them. They consider that they are in the nature of reflections upon them. Why shouldn't a man scratch another man's eyes out for a big stake and the championship?

A Warning

JIMSON (*to labouring gent, who has been exceedingly rude, and refuses to apologise*): "Now, before we begin, it's only fair to warn you that I've had wrestling lessons from Schmackenhidt"

By J. MACWILSON

As He Dreamed It To Be

HIS DREAM OF HOME

Who h's not felt how sadly sweet
The dr am of home, the dream of home
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet
When far o'er sea or land we roam.—*Moore*

It was announced last week by the *Standard* that:—

Many Members of Parliament who do not expect promotion have left town, and are not expected to return until after the Easter recess.

It is good to know that town is still full of the dear Liberals.

A policeman in the Leicester Force is reported to have weighed twenty-three stone. Critics of the Force sometimes complain that policemen are too heavy, but what one has to reflect is that many of these men, if they were not constables, might be rowdy characters. And then what a number of policemen it would require to convey them to the station.

As He Really Found It By Hebblethwaite

Do You Want to Live?

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"The Bystander" Story of Famous Books.—The narrative of all famous books, reasons for the existence of which anyone can be made to understand, including "The Christian," with suggestions by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the Bishop of London, Father Vaughan, and Mr. Asquith.

"The Bystander" Book of Wonder.—Answers to all sorts of everyday questions—What is Whisky?—Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?—Who is Sally Snape?—Do you know this man?—Are we downhearted?

"The Bystander" Book of Familiar Things.—Things you see in the morning—things you see in the daytime—things you see at night—where they come from—how they are made—how to get rid of them. By Dr. Forbes Winslow.

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"The Bystander" Book of Things to Make.—How to make coins. By Pete Keary.—How to make disturbances. By Mrs. Pankhurst.—How to make it No Trumps. By Charles Vidal Diehl.—How to make peace. By Lloyd-George.—How to make trouble. By Marie Corelli.—How to make enemies. By W. Hohenzollern.—How to make nothing. By Hilaire Belloc.

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Nothing the least bit like it has ever appeared before, or has ever been thought of before. It will be crammed with illustrations, including all those which have been published in the other encyclopædias. With the first part will be given away a humorous preface by Arthur Himm. It will make you laugh.

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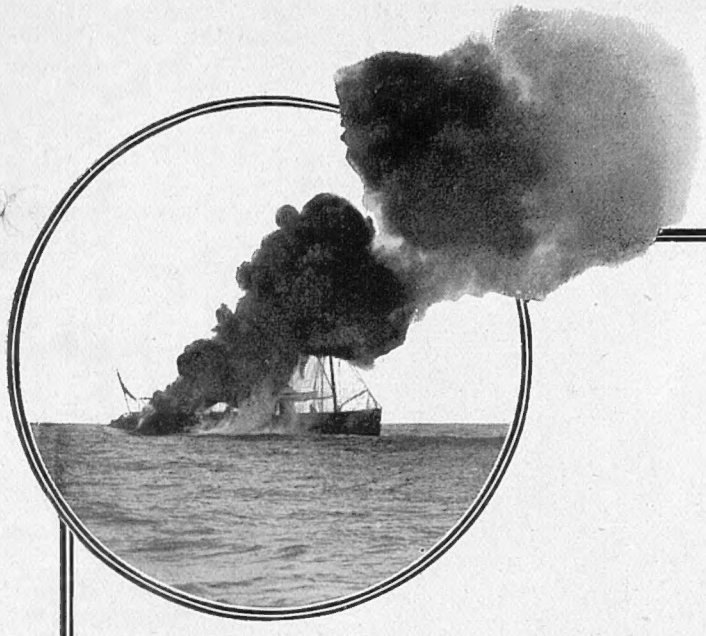
The wisest men, the brainiest writers, have welcomed it, even before it has appeared, with screams of delight.

BUY IT NOW.

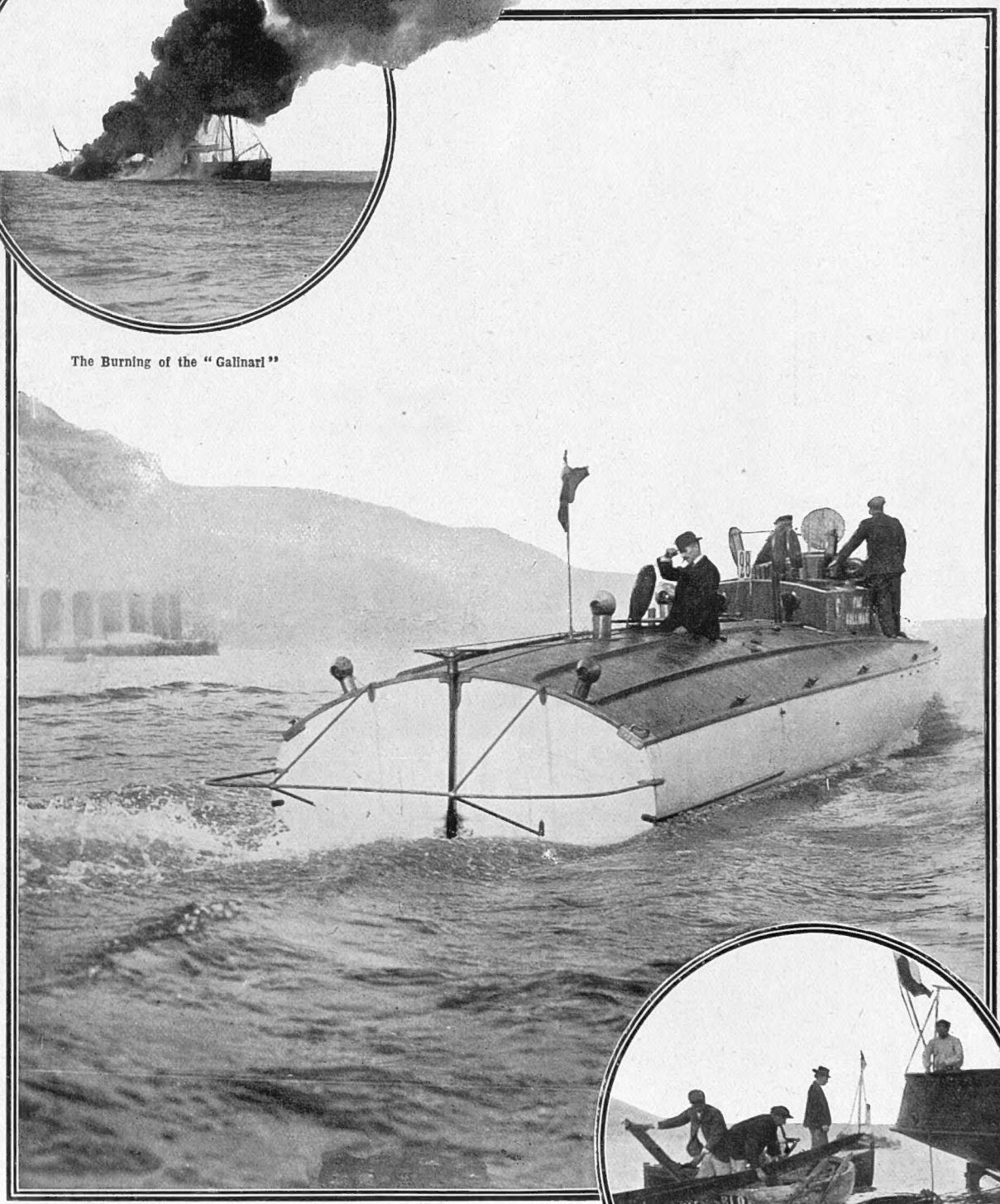
It won't be out till to-morrow, but
INSIST ON HAVING IT NOW.

Before Her Burning

THE F.I.A.T. MOTOR-BOAT WHICH WAS DESTROYED AT THE MONACO TRIALS



The Burning of the "Galinari"



Salving the "Galinari" after the Fire

Photos *Topical Agency*

THE F.I.A.T. BOAT "GALINARI" LEAVING THE HARBOUR FOR THE TRIALS

A disaster which destroyed Italy's hopes of the Championship occurred at the opening of the Monaco Motor-Boat Meeting. The F.I.A.T. Boat "Galinari" was undergoing some preliminary trials when the petrol suddenly became ignited by a back-fire, and the craft was almost immediately enveloped in flames. The fire spread so rapidly that the crew and her owner, Signor Galinari, had to jump overboard. Luckily, there were no casualties, except a few burns, as they were all picked up by passing tugs. The boat itself became a total wreck, and sank in twenty fathoms of water

Graceful Royal Sisters

THE PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT AND THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN

Their Royal Highnesses combine the characteristic simplicity of the Royal Family with a decided degree of good looks and gracefulness. Princess Margaret has lately been slightly indisposed. Her sister is now with her parents in Malta

Photo *E. N. A.*

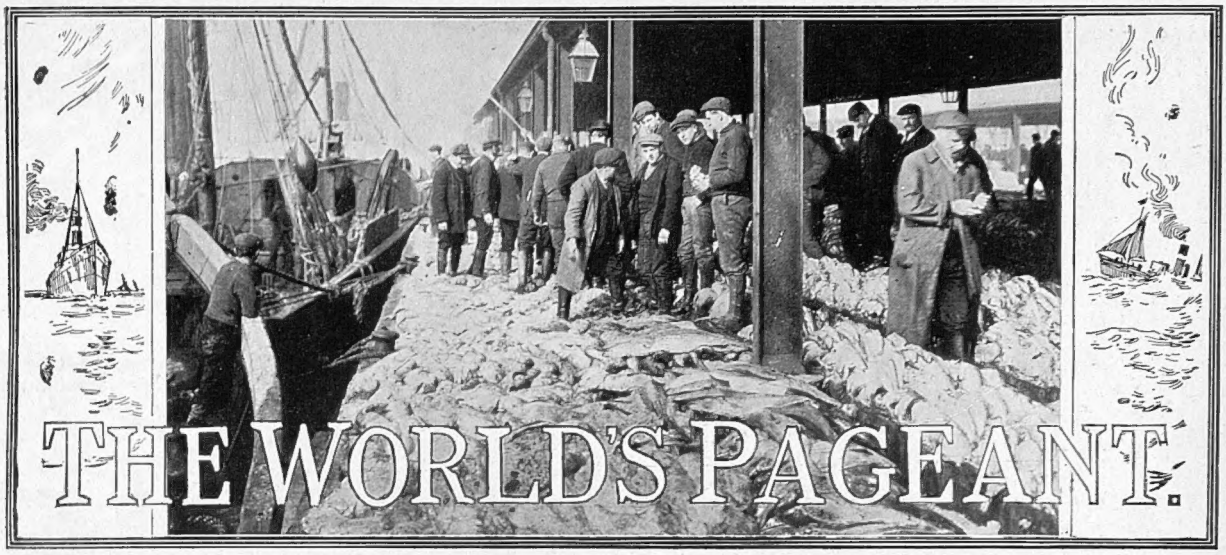


Photo *Topical Agency*

Fish for Good Friday: A Quayside Scene at Grimsby

The Recess

The King, having duly performed "the sole act of personal Government now exercised by the Crown," and appointed Mr. Asquith Prime Minister, the House of Commons, overcome by its feelings, profited thereby by getting an extra week's holiday. It does not take very much to disturb the even tenor of a Member's ways. The pursuit of the spoken word is arduous work, and Legislators, like the Judges who rise to-day, require plenty of light relief to balance the labours of their busy days. The House, having met yesterday for formal business, is promptly adjourning again for the Easter recess.

* * *

In Downing Street

Socially, at any rate, this Session of Parliament differs very considerably from all other Sessions for many years past. Mr. Asquith is of more convivial turn of mind than have been any of his immediate predecessors during the last decade. And he does not allow official business to interfere with the more serious business of pleasure. On the momentous Saturday that "C.-B.'s" resignation leaked out at Biarritz, Mr. Asquith was the gayest of the gay at a big luncheon party held in honour of the Boat Race at Mr. Beerbohm Tree's house at Chiswick.

* * *

A Great Hostess

Under the new *régime*, too, a hostess of renown will reign in Downing Street in the person of Mrs. Asquith, the Margot Tennant of the 'nineties. For a very long time no lady has entertained to any extent in the Premier's house. The Marchioness of Salisbury was an invalid for some years before her death; Miss Balfour only entertained when absolutely necessary, and then very quietly; and Lady Campbell-Bannerman was seriously ill from the very beginning of her husband's term of office.

* * *

—And Her Set

The wife of the new Premier holds a position as exceptional in the political world as it is assured in the social. Among her treasured correspondence (kept in a book bound brightly in emerald calf) is a letter from the King thanking her for a "soulful" novel she had lent him, written on his return from taking part in the first Jubilee procession, and dating it "this never-to-be-forgotten day." She was a great favourite with Mr. Gladstone, who not only described her as "the cleverest young woman he had ever met," but also gave her free access to his library at Hawarden, and she counts among her oldest friends the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. George Wyndham.

Photo *Rita Martin*

The Hon. Margaret Dawnay

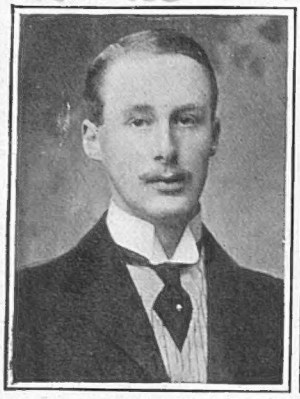
Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra. She was one of Lady Ruby Elliot's bridesmaids on April 4, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and is to be married herself at the Chapel Royal on April 23 to the Rev. Rowland Grant

* * *

Limited Hospitality

Up to the present Mrs. Asquith has confined her parties almost exclusively to her own set—those intellectuals among whom the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Elcho, Lady Portsmouth, and Mrs. Horner are leading lights. In Downing Street, however, her hospitalities, as wife of a Liberal Prime Minister, will necessarily be considerably extended in scope. Only there will always, of course, remain about them that

Four Notable Engagements



Photos *Thomson*

Sir Everard Pauncefort Duncombe
Of Brickhill Manor, Bletchley, Bucks. He is the third Baronet, twenty-three years of age, an Etonian and a Cantab

Miss Doriel Hay
Younger daughter of the late Sir John A. Hay, Bart., of Haystown, Peebles-shire, N.B., and Lady Hay

TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY

Photo H. Toovey, Jersey

Captain the Hon. Neville Hood, R.A.
Third son of Viscount Hood

Photo Opie, Falmouth

Miss E. M. Broad
Only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Broad, of Tresilian, Falmouth

avoidance of the ordinary and atmosphere of exceptional culture, to achieve which is the darling aim of all Mrs. Asquith's set.

* * *

Cherchez la Femme Again

But for the chattering in the dovecotes of Biarritz, of course, the announcement of the resignation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would not have been made until last Monday, the day before Parliament rose for the Easter recess, and a whole week of valuable time would have been saved. In London, Ministers kept their own counsel, and Mr. Asquith had arranged to visit Biarritz during the Easter holidays. At Biarritz, however, the secret was disclosed and discussed at select dinner tables on the Saturday before the news reached London. On Sunday morning the Paris papers had the details. Last of all, it came to England, and the business of the whole country is dislocated through the social indiscretions of Biarritz.

* * *

The Queen at the Play

Queen Alexandra, the Empress Marie, and Princess Victoria were present at His Majesty's Theatre for the second night of *The Merchant of Venice*. The Queen was looking more charming than ever. The advancing years seem only to add beauty of expression to her well-known beauty of outline. She sat in the middle of the box in full view of a crowded house, delighted to honour her, and her Imperial sister sat well back in the screened-off place of honour. The contrast between the two sisters, especially when one remembers that the Empress is the younger of the two, is almost incredible. The Empress still wears widow's weeds, remains faithful to the black hair and "bang" of her youth, and has no trace of that profile which makes the Queen so everlastingly lovely.

* * * *

Royal Wear

Queen Alexandra and her daughter always look their best in evening clothes. Her Majesty, who has become a little stouter of late, wore an ermine cloak over her black gauze gown, a wide black and silver ornament in her fair hair, and enormous solitaire diamonds in her ears, and both she and the Princess wore bunches of pink geraniums in their corsage. The Princess wore a wide stole of minever, and her usual dog-collar of pearls, and she, too, was looking better than I have known her for years, and seemed in the highest spirits. For the benefit of my lady readers I may say that both the Queen and her daughter wore long lemon-coloured kid gloves.

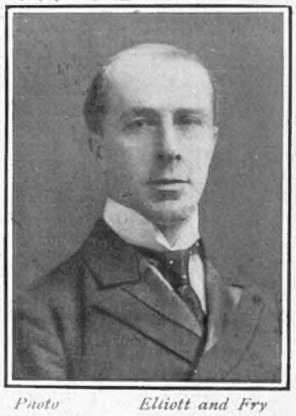


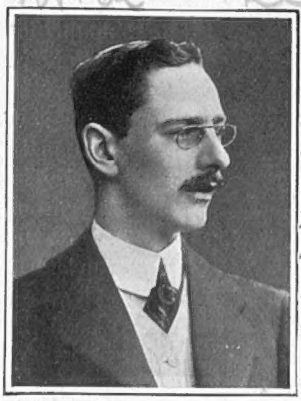
Photo Elliott and Fry

The Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P.
President of the Board of Education

Photo Illustrations Bureau

Miss Margaret Jekyll
Younger daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll

TO BE MARRIED SHORTLY



Photos

Mr. Stanley W. Jamieson

Vandyk

Miss M. Whiteley
Daughter of Mr. Geo. Whiteley, M.P., chief Liberal Whip

An Intrepid Motorist

Photo] MISS DOROTHY LEVITT *[Foulsham and Banfield*

The winner of innumerable prizes at home and abroad. She combines exceeding intrepidity on the road with great personal charm Her exclusion by the committee from competing on the Brooklands course, on the ground of her sex, is exciting some amusement, seeing how very well Miss Levitt is able to take care of herself

Prince Christian at a Meet of the Garth

Biarritz

This week at Biarritz marks the beginning of the end. For some little time it has been almost too warm for "le fox-'unt," as the many enthusiastic Frenchmen who follow the Bayonne and Biarritz Hounds designate that pastime, and for the same reason the golf fever, which rages unchecked in Biarritz during the English season, is now a little on the decline. The race meetings, too, have come to an end—Newmarket, Punchestown, and Epsom being within measurable distance at home—and devotees of the Sport of Kings have returned to England therefor. Prominent among these latter at Biarritz is the newly married Lady Viola Gore, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose uncle, Sir Reginald Talbot, has just been succeeded by Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael as Governor of Victoria. Lady Viola rode her own horse—

Col. Victor Van de Weyer Prince Christian Mr. H. M. Hartigan, winner of several races

Photo] E. M. Sturgess, Secretary Miss W. Garth, winner of the Ladies' Race [*Illustrations Bureau*

Point-to-Point Racing in Berkshire: Prince Christian Presents the Prizes

Followers of the Garth Foxhounds wound up a successful season with a point-to-point meeting on Tuesday, the 7th inst., when Prince Christian, a leading supporter of the Hunt, was among those present. Mr. H. M. Hartigan, the successful owner of racehorses, was one of the competitors

though not to victory—for the Prix des Dames at the "Concours Hippique." The actress element, by the way, has this year, for practically the first time, been introduced into Biarritz. Miss Edna May (or, rather, Mrs. Lewisohn) has been a much-noticed figure there lately.

* * *

—And Its Habitués

The Grand Duke Alexander with his golf clubs, the Grand Duchess Xenia with her camera, and both with all their fine children, are, perhaps, the best-known people in Biarritz. They arrive after the Russian season, but early in the year, at the Villa des Vagues, and stay until the end of April, when the Empress Marie of Russia arrives. They are always to be seen everywhere—on the links, at the meets, on the Grande Plage, at the Country Club, where the Grand Duke plays lawn tennis, and in the Casino, where recently the Grand Duke was an interested listener to a serious lecture on "Fluffy Ruffles et les femmes modernes." The Duke is a larger and finer edition of the Tsar. Unlike most of his Ducal breed, he is exceedingly popular and very generous, and many of the prizes competed for at the Golf Club are given by him. Both he and the Grand Duchess are personal friends of the King.

* * *

The Connaughts

Their tour in Italy and Egypt having been satisfactorily concluded, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, have settled down at the Palace of St. Anthony, which is about three miles from Valetta, and which has been thoroughly redecorated and refurnished for the use of their Royal Highnesses. Princess Patricia, who, with her parents, will come to London at the end of May, enjoyed her Eastern trip immensely. From Luxor I hear that she and Prince Waldemar of Prussia went about everywhere together on camels, a mode of progression for which a certain amount of proficiency is desirable. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is becoming almost as fond of Paris as is his uncle, the King, has promised to open the Scottish National Exhibition in Edinburgh on May Day.

The Moorish Crisis

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SULTAN AND OF EL MOKRI

El Mokri and Ben Gabrit Riding outside Fez

The former, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, has lately been in Paris endeavouring to raise a loan

A FRENCH REPORTER'S SUCCESS

The Sultan of Morocco (in the centre) with, on the left, a French journalist who has interviewed him, and, on the right, his official interpreter and private secretary. His Majesty grows more and more modern in his idea, if not in his attire, which still suggests nocturnal repose

The Fort at Rabat

Ranji's English Home

Photo **Holker Hall, the Residence of the Duke of Devonshire** *Wilson*

Which his Grace has resigned to his brother, Mr. Richard Cavendish. The Duke and Duchess will, now, have to content themselves with the accommodation of their six other palatial homes

The Cavendish Residences

In accordance with the terms of the will of his grandfather (the father of the late Duke), the new Duke of Devonshire, by his accession to the Dukedom, resigns to his brother, Mr. Richard Cavendish, the Holker Hall estate. The new Duke and Duchess are quiet and unassuming people. It is understood that, for the present, at any rate, they will find at Chatsworth, Lismore Castle, Bolton Priory Hall, Compton Place, Hardwick Hall, and Devonshire House sufficient accommodation for their needs.

* * *

Jam at Shillinglee

The report which has been going through the Press to the effect that Prince Ranjitsinhji, the Jam of Nawanagar, is making extensive alterations at Shillinglee, and that the Prince of Wales has promised to visit him there, is founded rather upon journalistic imagination than actual fact. Beyond laying out a cricket ground and making arrangements for good shooting over the sixteen thousand acres of land, the Prince has made no alterations, has heard nothing of any visit of the Prince of Wales, and is contemplating making no change in the house which he rents from Lord Winterton. He takes, however, the keenest interest in his English home, and will take up residence there very shortly.

* * *

A Married Maid-of-Honour

Miss Margaret Dawnay, whose marriage with the Rev. Rowland Grant is fixed for Saturday week, will be the third of Queen Alexandra's Maids-of-Honour to marry during the present reign, Miss Doris Vivian and Miss Mary Hart-Dyke completing the trio. Miss Dawnay is a niece of Earl Grey, and her mother, Lady Victoria Alexandrina Dawnay, was a friend and

Photo **Ranji's English Home: Shillinglee, Sussex** *Kevis*

Which the Jam of Nawanagar (Prince "Ranji") has taken from Lord Winterton, and is putting into preparation for residence. It has been stated that the Prince of Wales is soon to visit the Jam here

A Day with the Biarritz Hounds

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Not least among the attractions at Biarritz are the runs with the Biarritz Foxhounds, and many visitors, if not such ardent followers as they would be if wintering in this country, nevertheless enjoy many a day's sport. Our top photograph (1) shows Lady Viola Gore, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and a competitor in the Prix des Dames at the "Concours Hippique," and Miss Atwood, while (2) represents Miss Edna May, now Mrs. Lewisohn, chatting with the Comte de Clavigon. The centre photograph (3) shows a check, the fox having taken to the water. Familiar and unfamiliar sights to the sportsmen in this country form the subjects of 4 and 5. Refreshers for thirsty huntsmen are no novelty, but the liberation of Reynard from a box (5), where he has been kept in "durance vile" by an enterprising Basque, is luckily not a mode of providing the object of a run which is in vogue in this country

A Plague of Politics

god-daughter of the late Queen Victoria. The dowry of one thousand pounds which Queen Victoria granted to each of her Maids-of-Honour on their marriage has been discontinued, but the rank of Honourable, the social status for life of a Baron's daughter, and the honour of being married in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, are privileges they continue to retain.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Russian Royalty at Biarritz

The Grand Duke Alexander and his two boys on the golf links

A New Appointment

A very popular appointment which I understand is shortly to be announced is that of Sir Charles Mathews to the post of Public Prosecutor. "Willy" Mathews is a favourite with everybody, except, perhaps, the particular witness on whom he happens to be levelling his scrutiny and his eye-glasses at the moment. He is very small and slight, and almost as alert and "pouncy" as his colleague, Mr. Avory. Like most of his profession, he dearly loves the play, and is to be seen at First Nights almost as often as Sir Edward Clarke and Sir George Lewis.

* * *

A Plague of Politics

We have lately been getting about as much politics as we can swallow. All through Lent, what with the Licensing and Education Bills, Peckham, Ministerial choppings and changings, and quite a few most distinguished indiscretions, we have been regaled with a positive feast of political topics. A general election in miniature looms in the near distance, only, meanwhile, there is Easter. And, afterwards, with the rush of weddings so overwhelming that the Guards' Chapel is a daily whirlwind of lace and satin, and St. George's hourly refuses belated applications, the season of 1908 begins.

* * *

The New Chancellor

Somehow or other there is something dazzling and romantic in nearly every one of the new Ministerial appointments. With Mr. Churchill and the newly-engaged Mr. McKenna in higher offices still, youth cannot be said to have been neglected by Mr. Asquith. But the most dazzling promotion of all is that of Mr. Lloyd-George. A comparatively new political personality, he has risen to this height by his own tenacity alone. In several ways Mr. Lloyd-George resembles the Premier. Both were born neither in the purple nor with a silver spoon in their mouths. Each graduated in that—politically—none too popular profession, the Law, and both started public life with little or no adventitious aid. Mr. Lloyd-George lacks certainly the Premier's brilliant University career. Against these things, however, he can pit his popular; though by no means socially-inclined, personality, his fighting instincts, and his great administrative abilities.

* * *

The Salome Craze

Maud Allan, at the Palace, is the *lionne de luxe* of the hour. Clerical protests and shocked sensibilities notwithstanding, people are flocking in multitudes to see the Salome dance, and the Palace management turn away crowds at every performance. The Wednesday matinées have become a social institution. *Mondaines*, bored with life and laughter, find this gracious dancer a *sauce piquante* for their jaded imaginations. Politicians and Princes alike realise her enchantment. Prince Francis of Teck last week went twice in four days, while Mr. Balfour spent the first afternoon of enforced vacation sitting at the feet of this wonderful dancer. The Marchioness of Hamilton, another keen politician, Lady Stanley, Lady Roden, Mrs. Jarrott (who was Lady Rosslyn), Lord Colebrooke, who brought Mrs. Guthrie and Mrs. Crawshay, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord Onslow, Lord Churchill, and the Duke of Rutland are a few of those who have been present at recent matinées.

* * *

The Goddess in the Car

As the finest and most intrepid lady motorist in Europe, Miss Dorothy Levitt is, I suppose, almost too well-known to need description. I understand that Miss Levitt will not be allowed to drive at Brooklands on Easter Monday. There seems to be an idea that the course is rather too dangerous for a woman driver. Miss Levitt, however, in a car, displays none of the lesser, though all of the greater, attributes of her sex. She is entirely fearless, and in full command of her nerves, and, at the helm, looks always charming.

Denounced—but Highly Patronised

SALOME'S DANCE WITH THE BAPTIST'S HEAD

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MAUD ALLAN AS SALOME

Her dances at the Palace Theatre, despite the protests one of them has drawn from clerical quarters, have proved the success "par excellence" of the season. It has drawn all London, including many well-known members of Society, some Royalties, and an ex-Premier (Mr. Balfour). In fact, Salome is all the rage just now

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Photo *Reutlinger*
Mlle. Ricotti, a Charming Dancer at the Opera, Paris

The Rejected Ambassador

The Kaiser evidently intends to absorb the attention of the world, if Mr. Roosevelt will let him. Of late years the Emperor has been so accustomed to giving his unsolicited opinions on most subjects, and having them accepted, that anything like resentment on the part of a fellow-ruler has come to him as a great surprise. The Kaiser's opposition to the appointment of the Hills, however, is by this time a *secret de polichinelle*. He is determined *coûte qu'il coûte* to have a brilliant Court life at Berlin. It is for this reason that he has recently taken such an active part in the social life of his capital, given his weekly receptions at the Opera, and in every way tried to show his people what are his wishes on the subject. Much as he liked Sir Frank Lascelles, he regretted the absence of a Lady Lascelles to give the touch of English elegance so deplorably lacking among his faithful but dowdy Berlin womanhood. Mrs. Tower is the one elegant woman in the capital, and the receptions at the American Embassy were set up by him as an example to his own household, as the Kaiser, with his usual frankness, blurted out not infrequently in his family circle.

* * *

A Demand for Rich Diplomats

When Mr. Tower told the Emperor some time ago that before long he would be obliged, on account of the education of his sons, to return to America, the Emperor repeatedly expressed the hope that Roosevelt's smart daughter, "Princess Alice," should take Mrs. Tower's place. Mrs. Hill belongs to quite a different class of American women. She is extremely popular among the Americans, and deservedly so, for she puts herself to immense trouble to please her fellow-countrywomen, especially as she makes no distinction among classes. To be one of the "Smart Set" is no recommendation to her. At the Hague Conference no one did her social duties with greater zeal. Dr. Hill is a *savant* of eminence, and no member of the Diplomatic Corps at the Hague enjoyed higher consideration than he. He, like Mrs. Hill, is thoroughly democratic in his sympathies. I have seen him drinking Apollinaris water in a humble restaurant with a poorer fellow-countryman who wished to do him honour, and, in fact, making more fuss of some Bostonian Professor than he would ever do of a millionaire. This, however, is not what the Emperor wants. It has been suggested that Mr. Pierpont Morgan would be the most suitable Ambassador for Berlin. When the Hills' four months in Berlin have expired—for Mr. Roosevelt insists upon their going, if only for form's sake, previous to their succeeding Mr. Whitelaw Reid—Berlin may have a financial monarch rivalling in magnificence the Kaiser himself.

* * *

The Latest "Romance"

If notoriety is a treasure for which some Americans will give a small fortune, Mme. Anna Gould will have had her money's worth. Throughout the length and breadth of Europe, no one at the present moment is more spoken about than she. Poor woman! Her marriage with Count "Boni" was quite a bad investment, and now, at the risk of losing half her fortune, her liberty, and her happiness, she is about to make a still worse investment by marrying her ex-husband's cousin, the Prince de Sagan.

The Most Talked About of Recent Diplomats

Mr. David Jayne Hill, U.S. Ambassador at Berlin, about whose appointment there has been so much discussion

Count Boni and his notorious cousin have often been described by the Press as "a pair of scoundrels," and many of their evil doings have been pretty freely discussed. They have been heroes of more than one novel and play, yet when their shortcomings are put into fiction instead of the newspapers, the

world considers them exaggerated. Devoid of self-respect, pride, honour, and conscience, there is nothing to which these two cousins would not stoop to gain their own ends. The Prince de Sagan offers as a certificate of morality the fact that he has never been in prison, but I am not sure that this too is not an exaggeration. He boasts of having broken all the Ten Commandments, and was very flattered when a journalist recently compared him on this account with Moses himself! When others less fortunate set the law at naught they are punished; the Prince de Sagan is admired. The Scriptures forbid him "to covet his neighbour's wife," but he does so, and finds himself the hero of the hour.

* * *

A Pathetic Figure

Mme. Anna Gould is not favoured of fortune either mentally or physically. Her wealth must for ever remain her principal claim to publicity. Homely in features, attired in clothes which do not atone for the defects of figure, she possesses distinction neither of taste nor accomplishment. In spite of her dollars, in spite of her charity, in spite of the magnificence with which she received the late King of Portugal, the Faubourg St. Germain Society has persistently closed its doors to her, and was truly thankful when the divorce was granted, so that it could again invite the scapegrace husband without his tiresome wife. The story of Anna Gould is pathetic and somewhat ridiculous. Here is a woman of no birth or character fighting with her dollars for social position. She has hopelessly failed once, and Europe has laughed at her, and, nothing daunted, she is about to begin again.

* * *

Prince de Sagan's Intentions

According to all accounts, the Prince de Sagan, like another Talleyrand-Périgord cousin, is to become a subject of H.I.M. the Kaiser. He will, no doubt, be able to spend a portion of his wife's money on sport, he may even take his cousin's place as President of the Berlin Automobile Club. Meets and shooting parties will be given at the country seat in Silesia, to which the Kaiser will be invited, and Mme. Anna Gould's receptions in Berlin will console the Emperor for the loss of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mme. Anna Gould

Formerly the wife of Count Boni de Castellane, who is to marry her ex-husband's cousin, Prince de Sagan

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Prince de Sagan

Photographed on his arrival in New York

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Castellane Children, with their Tutor

Now in America with their mother, Mme. Anna Gould. Their names (left to right) are Boniface, Jay, and George

What makes me believe the rumours of Mme. Gould's intention to settle in Berlin is the fact that her home in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne is for sale. The French Government has offered 3,000,000 fr. for it, and could use it as an extra museum to house the ever-increasing number of pictures that are being produced in France. Mme. Gould wants 6,000,000 fr. It is said that a member of the Groult family has offered 4,000,000 fr.

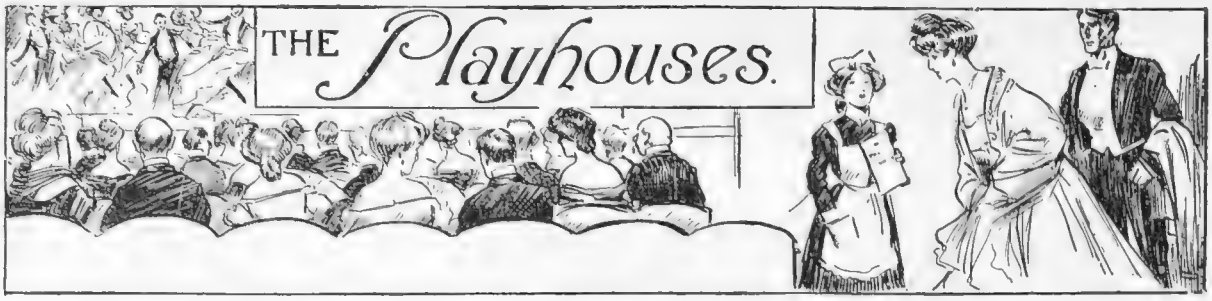
This Groult is a relative of Camille Groult, the owner of the well-known collection of pictures, who died in January. Groult made a pile by milling, and the flour never seemed to leave his hair and cheeks. In spite of his wealth and his pictures —some were "finds," some frauds, some were reasonable things for which he paid a reasonable price —he never got on well in Paris Society, although Edward VII. twice honoured him with a visit. The Groults' house is opposite the Goulds'. The Groults intend to give their pictures to the State, and Mme. Gould might easily follow their example and present the State with her house.

* * *

Their Respective Relations

Miss Helen Gould has done all in her power to dissuade her sister from marrying the Prince de Sagan. This lady herself was wooed by M. Paul Deschanel, but she considered her dollars were not adequate to the discharge of his debts, and so she sensibly remained plain Helen Gould. The Prince de Sagan is not favourably struck with American ways and habits, although he intends to marry an American wife. He has not yet recovered from his profound humiliation over the way the ingenious New York reporters discovered his nationality (in spite of his assumed Anglo-Saxon name and Bostonian accent) from the moment he opened his lips.

Count Jean de Castellane spends a great deal of his time writing to the newspapers that he is in no way responsible for the doings of his two cousins, who, on their side, describe him as "harmless." He is a typical member of the Faubourg St. Germain Society, and has exchanged his name for a fortune. He takes tea with his wife at the Lyceum Club, his chief occupations being to keep his hair in curl and to wear *le dernier cri* in ties.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

"The Merchant of Venice"

Whatever may have been in the mind of Shakespeare when he drew the Jew of Venice, and however comically Shylock may have been played by Burbage and his contemporaries, the character is one that may be said to have "found itself." The actor of to-day has made up his mind about the rôle, and in consequence the audience of to-day knows just what to expect.

Allowing, then, that Shylock was a Jew with strong love for his race, and no less strong hatred for Christians; that he was an affectionate father, and but for the practice of usury was even, from the Christian point of view, a sober, upright citizen of so strong moral purpose as to fall actually into the sin of spiritual pride when he scoffed at the senseless revellers at the mask, as they surged up against his house; granted all these now incontrovertible facts, then a modern audience does not expect from successive impersonators of Shylock more than slight differences in the reading of the character.

"Macready Pauses"

With Mr. Tree as producer, and Mr. Tree as actor, in the latest revival, I must deal separately. In his first capacity Mr. Tree has shown his usual cleverness. He has managed by much reading, by the engaging of scenic artists and costumiers of the first rank and of real Jews for "the crowd"; by the introduction of song and hymn and Jewish observance, to cast the glamour of old Venice and of the Ghetto over his audience. So much for Mr. Tree producer. Unfortunately, he has not been at such pains with the acting of his company. Indeed, Mr. Tree has set them a note of deliberation which has the effect of letting in the fiend Tedium. Some years ago critics used to attempt to correct this fault of deliberation by referring severely to "Macready pauses." To cope with the production at His Majesty's this veteran reference must be trotted out again. Deliberation has its uses. Many a point is driven right home to the audience by a deliberate delivery of the lines. But this trick should be jealously reserved for the principal actor. It should not be allowed to appear among the stock-in-trade of minor luminaries. This point was driven home to me some years ago by a story told of that great stage manager, Augustin Daly. A juvenile member of his company playing his first part rolled the words of his one speech lovingly round his tongue. He was supported in this reading by the knowledge that Daly, sitting in front, inclined an ear to every little word from every little actor. But it chanced that the speech in question was a mere squib in a pyrotechnic display of action. Daly darted from the wings at rehearsal, grasped a slack of chest-clothing from the astonished actor, and, working his other arm characteristic pump-handle fashion, hissed in his face, "Young man, you have been cast for this speech in order to get it over!"

I would that the spirit of Augustin Daly would haunt His Majesty's Theatre for a spell.

For the rest, Mr. Tree's performance was curiously uneven. At times, indeed, and especially in the Court scene, when Shylock has to bear the unmannerly taunts of Gratiano and his companions, the actor's mien and demeanour were so noble and touched with such unutterable suffering as to raise a quick throb of sympathy for the Jew. Another most successful effort was gained by Mr. Tree when Shylock returns to his house to find his

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Romeo Kiss

Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Nora Kerin in *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum

SKETCHED AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Photos

Miss Ada Reeve

Who, early in May, at the Apollo Theatre, will produce *Butterflies*, a musical version of Mr. W. J. Locke's *The Palace of Puck*

daughter gone. "Jessica!" he calls, and again "Jessica!" and again "Jessica!" his voice sounding all the successive stages of emotion, from testy wonderment to shrill despair. These were moments of inspiration.

But these were but flashes of inspiration. In many other passages Mr. Tree did not quite achieve the effect for which he was evidently working. At times he seemed to lose his grip of the character, and when at fault took refuge in mannerisms of speech and gesture. But it is only fair to add that he showed his ability to "get into the skin of the part," as actors say, and when the responsibilities incidental to a great production begin to lose their terrors for Mr. Tree, the manager, it is certain that Mr. Tree, the actor, will express in much more clear and dramatic terms his conception of Shylock.

Concerning the Cast

Miss Alexandra Carlisle was so nervous as to be able only to give a suggestion of the joyousness which underlies Portia's character. But the trial scene she played with a firmness and domination which set the seal of success upon her performance. As soon as she is able to fill in the high lights of comedy, her Portia will be a woman with charm, dignity, and a delicate sense of humour—and such is Portia.

There was a sure touch about Mr. Norman Page's Launcelot Gobbo, which gave an immense fillip to the show. He was truly and surely droll, making his points without a semblance of effort.

Miss Dorothy Minto is a clever young actress who has made more than one pronounced success under the recent Vedrenne-Barker *regimé*. As she has been quite unspoiled by success, it is a little hard that she should be brought up with such a bump by her complete failure to play even the minor rôle of Nerissa. But if this shock serves as a gentle reminder that the art of acting is not to be learned in a day, no great harm will have been done.

The Dramatic Instinct

Mr. Hubert Druce, great reader, great talker, actor, producer, cricketer, true Bohemian, and best of good fellows, fired off a few of the many bits of wisdom he has gained from the four quarters of the globe at a crowded gathering on a recent Sunday at the Playgoers' Club. The lecturer, in expounding the meaning of that elusive quality, the dramatic instinct, bewailed the lack of it in the English scheme of things. He had some hard, but incontrovertible things to say about the monotony which rules our lives so as to stifle our yearnings towards the dramatic in life. The lecturer, warming to his subject, found in the cultivation of the dramatic instinct a panacea for most of the ills of life, even such an ill as the necessity for paying our weekly bills. But if we did not quite follow the lecturer into these flights, there were no two opinions among the audience upon the knowledge of the dramatic world and the high literary gifts without which Mr. Druce could never have written such a paper. E. C. S.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

THE BYSTANDER Theatre Guide for the Easter Holidays.

CRITERION.—To-night, at 9.5, Charles Wyndham and Company in "The Mollusc." Even *you* are tainted with molluscery. Go and see Mr. H. H. Davies' enlightening play and give a tone to your character, if only for the sake of your friends. At 8.32, "A Scotch Marriage." Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 3.

DALY'S.—Evenings, 8.15, "The Merry Widow" (Die lustige Witwe). The light operatic success of the year. You must be able to whistle the airs, or your friends at home (dear country cousin) will doubt your having been in London at all. Matinee, Sats., at 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—Every evening, at 8.30, "The Admirable Crichton." The whimsical Barrie at his best. This play cannot age, for like Peter Pan it can never "grow up." Matinees, Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

GARRICK.—At 9, "Lady Frederick." Most amusing comedy, and teaches men, young and middle-aged, more about women than they could learn for themselves. At 8.30, "The Subjection of Kezia." Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—At 8, "The Merchant of Venice." A perfect picture of the times. Realism in mise-en-scène to tickle the most pampered modern taste. Tree as nearly "the Jew that Shakespeare drew" as the celebrated impersonators of Shylock. Matinees, Weds. and Sats.

KINGSWAY.—At 9, "Diana of Dobson's." Another "find" by that most enterprising and successful actress-manageress, Miss Lena Ashwell. Be in time or you will miss the famous "undressing scene." At 8.15, "The Bishop's Candlesticks." Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 3.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Nightly, at 8, "Romeo and Juliet." An enthusiastic patron of melodrama was overheard to observe on the first night, "This play has a jolly good plot." Certainly, as presented picturesquely, popularly, and pugnaciously by Messrs. Smith and Carpenter, it grips the audience. Cheap and comfortable seats too. Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

LYRIC.—At 8.30, "A White Man." One of the "strong plays" from America which may be likened to our melodrama with the absurdities omitted. Mr. Waller has found a "winner." Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.—At 8.40, "The Thief." Last nights announced, so hurry up if you would see the artful manner in which that clever French dramatist, Bernard (who writes a successful play every year with unfailing regularity), leads up to his "strong scene" between husband and wife.

THE HICKS THEATRE.—At 8.30, "A Waltz Dream." Viennese music is all the rage now, hence the flattering reception accorded Mr. Oscar Straus. "What's happened to Jones?" Sidney of that ilk. Matinee, Sats., at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE.—At 9, "Jack Straw." A satirical comedy, with many amusing moments. At 8.15, "A Sentimental Cuss." Matinees, Weds. and Sats., at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 9, "When Knights Were Bold." At 8.15, "The Changeling." Matinee, Sats., at 2.30. Fifteenth month of run; "nuff said."

APOLLO.—At 8.30, "The Follies." After you have made the round of the theatres you will be able to appreciate the subtle points of Pélissier's Potted Plays. Matinees, Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.

Foulsham and Banfield

As Pooh-Bah Again!

Everyone will be delighted to hear that in the revival of *The Mikado* at the Savoy on April 28, they will again see Mr. Rutland Barrington in his inimitable part of Pooh-Bah

HAYMARKET THEATRE

By arrangement with Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mrs. Langtry will use Mr. F. D. Bone's successful curtain-raiser, *Pride of Regiment*, to precede Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, *A Fearful Joy*, when she produces it at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, the 18th inst. The cast of Mr. Bone's piece will remain as on its production, and will include Miss Cicely Richards, Mr. Charles Rock, and Mr. Ashton Pearse.

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

NO. V.—MORE ABOUT THE PRIEST IN POLITICS

The symbol of Irish "tranquillity." A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary

In the following article, we deal further with the important part played by the priesthood in the great conspiracy now at work in Ireland, in which priests and politicians are endeavouring, with the help of the machinery of the United Irish League and other organisations, to obtain complete separation from England and to establish a state of Socialism. The chief personalities of the movement, the campaign of outrage conducted by the United Irish League, and the manipulation of the Congested Districts Board, have formed the subjects of previous articles

PRIEST AND PEASANT

The disclosure of the new Government scheme for the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland draws special attention to a very important question in regard to the work of the priest in politics. What is the origin and the training of this priesthood, which takes such an active part and wields so far-reaching an influence in temporal as well as spiritual matters? The curate, or parish priest, whose numbers make up the bulk of Ireland's vast—and, as we have already shown, disproportionate—clerical army, is, in a majority of cases, himself of peasant birth, probably the son of a small farmer. He differs very little from his neighbours in intellectuality or in standards of life and living. He is no polished Borgia, any more than the Irish politician is a high-born, statesmanlike Machiavelli. He has travelled from the village to the seminary, and from the seminary back again to the parish. He knows no one of mankind outside this narrow range, and is probably quite ignorant of the working of the political systems of other countries than his own, if, indeed, he can be said to know even his own in any degree approaching completeness. He is a peasant in speech, in habits, in instincts, and thus finds himself in closest touch with the circumscribed ideas and ideals of his flock. In this, his nearness to the peasant, lies one of the greatest secrets of the power of the priest, a weapon of infinite potentiality for good—or evil.

A CATHOLIC EDUCATION

As for the effect of the education which is all that, in the way of mental training, differentiates the Irish priest from the Irish peasant, we may appropriately quote a trenchant phrase of comment by Professor Goldwin Smith. "An Irish peasant lad," he says, "having been intellectually secluded for seven years at Maynooth, comes out proof against the intellectual influences and advancing science of his time." Maynooth College was endowed in 1795 by Grattan's Parliament for the education of Catholics, lay and clerical, but it has since become monopolised by ecclesiastical students. The Catholic hierarchy, in fact, object to free and open education for their priests—an attitude which Mr. Balfour, in the midst of a generous approval in the Commons of the new Irish Universities Bill, deprecated in terms the more significant for his friendly demeanour towards the actual provisions of the Bill. "As regards the training of the clergy," he said, "I think it is desirable that the clergy of any country should come into contact with men of their own age, and have some education apart from their theological studies, but I do not gather that they are to be in anysense resident, or to have the advantage, as I think, of mixing with laymen of their own age. I personally believe that the clergy of all denominations would be better fitted to carry on their great work if some part of their academic career were passed in a general atmosphere of fellowship with their equals in age and allies in studies—an admixture which is perhaps the most valuable gift a University can give."

MEDIÆVAL THEOLOGY

It is hoped that the new University in Dublin will, at any rate, be an improvement on Maynooth. There, it is difficult to discover that any appreciable "education apart from their theological studies" is absorbed by the budding priests. And their theology is learnt largely from mediæval text-books which teach mediæval axioms, such as that "heretics may be exterminated from the world by death." Of the education the priests receive, outside theology, perhaps the best one can say is that it is, at least, better than that which they give. When we remind our readers of the report of an inspector who found boys still unable to read and write after ten years in a clerical school, it will be realised that the compliment is not one to nauseate by reason of its unduly fulsome character. Thus, trained in little but theology, the priest, one might have imagined, would be satisfied to act as spiritual guide to the peasants who are subsequently placed under his care. But such a limitation is not for a moment accepted by a large proportion of the Irish priesthood. Holding, with one hand, firmly to their spiritual authority, they have used it as a menace and a sanction under cover of which they have grasped at temporal power. And to-day the political priesthood is the greatest force in Ireland, and the most formidable element in the Great Irish Conspiracy, which is working for Separation and Socialism. It has already been shown how the priests control elections, dominate the Press, and conduct the campaign of sedition and outrage. We propose now to indicate briefly some of the ways in which they more immediately influence the people, and use their position for the detriment of Ireland's prosperity and the subversion of the elements of law, order, and progress.

THE PRIESTS' EXACTIONS

One reason for the supremacy of the priest lies in the fact that there is practically no middle class in Ireland, and he is thus almost alone in the field in the matter of obtaining direct personal control over the peasantry. He has, in this way, been enabled to force upon the people, to a great extent, his own magnified interpretation of the privileges of his office, and has consolidated his influence by leading them on in the path of disorder and violence, which many of them, unfortunately, are only too willing to follow. The priest is generally chairman of the United Irish League in his district, and if he is not chairman, he is a prominent and important member. He is also, in "congested" districts, the almoner of the pecuniary and other benefits of the Congested Districts Board. It is no great wonder that, between spiritual and material terrors, the peasantry find it difficult to resist the demands or assumptions, however extravagant, of so powerful—and numerous—a body. Those demands are, in the first place, monetary. The priests obtain their stipends direct from their congregations. There is no limitation of the amount and no account rendered. And the priests make the most of the opportunities offered. There are two regular collections every year, and woe betide any parishioner who fails to come up to the scratch. "If I find anyone who does not pay," announced one priest in his Christmas sermon, "I'll take care that he is exposed." Besides these two occasions, fees are exacted for almost every sacrament of the Church, and pretty heavy ones, too. We cited in a previous article the case of a farmer who was forced to pay £25 as his daughter's wedding fee, out of her dowry of £500, on pain of refusal to perform the ceremony. In another case, at a funeral in one of the poorest districts of Ireland, no less than £193 was collected from the relations and friends of the dead person, as a forced contribution to the officiating priest.

A USEFUL HANDLE

In the poorest districts the control of the clergy over the Congested Districts Board, and their power to distribute profitable jobs and grants of money, is a very useful handle to them in extracting contributions from an expectant or grateful flock, and those who have already received its bounties are naturally expected to place a substantial percentage in the hands through which they were bestowed. That the contributions thus levied from the people are at least adequate for the subsistence of the pastors is indicated by the fact that, as already described, the priests find it possible even in the centres of pauperism to build gorgeous churches and cathedrals out of the proceeds. And while the priests are erecting these pretentious buildings, at a cost ranging as high as £100,000, in the midst of a distressed population, they are at the same time issuing constant appeals to charity, to save these same peasants from starvation. The construction of the ecclesiastical buildings, however, must at least, one would think, provide some employment and

relieve the distress in the neighbourhood. But it is not so. The people supply the money, but the material and the labour come almost entirely from Italy and other foreign countries.

SCANDAL OF DEATHBED WILLS

Even when the demands of the priest have all been paid in full and overflowing measure, there still remains for the small farmer perhaps the greatest danger of all. To his very deathbed the priest will often follow him, and in his most helpless hour, by the help of ghostly terrors, induce him to will away all his alienable property. Shameful as such a proceeding would be in any case, it is doubly so in a land where peasant proprietorship so largely prevails, and where the heirs may find themselves without a penny to work the farm, which has thus practically to be abandoned to rack and ruin. In one instance of deathbed testation of this kind, a man left his whole money property, amounting to £1,500, in ecclesiastical hands, while his heirs got nothing but the land and buildings. A woman who died in a conventual institution left £10,000 to its heads, with a paltry legacy of £50 to a favourite niece who was in poor circumstances. It is no wonder, perhaps, that some £60,000,000 of Irish capital should be locked up in banks, the owners being unwilling to venture it out, amid such risks, in farming or industries.

A REIGN OF TERROR

The priest, in fact, enjoys a veritable reign of terror. There is some resistance to his tyranny, but for one case that becomes known there are a hundred that fear keeps hidden. It is not only in the exaction of money that his arbitrary sway is manifested. He extends it to every department of life. Of the priests' power in inflicting the penalties of the boycott we have already spoken, as well as his share in the other mean and cruel methods characteristic of the land war. If other means fail he is prepared to extend the boycott to his spiritual functions. Witness a case at Taughmaconnell, near Athlone, in which at a League meeting, the priest himself presiding, it was recommended that absolution should be denied to those who refused to surrender evicted farms. He dictates to people where they are to buy their goods. At Lissycasey a priest told his audience of Leaguers that "it is not a healthy sign of the times to see the people of this country supporting the Orangemen and Freemasons of Clare." The prosperity or failure of a business, in fact, depends upon the priest. It is generally enough for the people to know that a priest does not wish the people to deal at a certain shop. The shopkeeper is doomed to failure—and his custom is diverted to a rival, the priest's nominee to favour.

INTERFERENCE IN BUSINESS

In business affairs, as in religious, the priest claims the supremacy of the Church. Mr. P. Kenny, the author of "Economics for Irishmen," quotes the case of a layman who for many years profitably conducted a creamery. Then the priest came in, and, by using his local influence, forced the layman out. At the end of two years, during which the priest had ignored even the obligation of holding an annual general meeting, the business had lost over £1,000. In another instance the priest employed the same tactics with a layman who had instituted a co-operative society, and soon after the priest's nominees had taken charge the funds were missing. A doctor, though qualified in every way, could get no patients in his parish. His neighbours said they would like to go to him, but the priest wanted them to employ a doctor of his own choice. The priests, again, are continually using pressure with the authorities for the removal or the promotion of this or that policeman. Into everything, big or small, they insist on thrusting their fingers, and in all show a degree of ignorance and intolerance most prejudicial to the public welfare.

A TRAVESTY OF EDUCATION

The matter is the more serious when one considers that the education of the country is largely in the hands of the priests. They have the management of all the primary schools, and appoint the teachers. These are all clerics, laymen being carefully excluded. They own and control all the secondary schools, which receive Government grants. The system of these schools Mr. Birrell himself has described as "repulsive." Secondary education in Ireland, according to a writer on economics, is "one huge machine for bringing money into the coffers of the religious orders." The £200,000 a year granted by the Government for industrial, technical, and agricultural training has been absorbed by the clerical institutions. In these schools the Government inspector finds whole classes of boys spending their time in knitting stockings, boys who have done nothing but knit stockings, boys who, after ten years, have not yet learnt to read and write. And the children are badly fed, badly lodged, and filthily dirty. The boys brought up in the priestly schools grow up useless, ignorant loafers, while the girls are fit for nothing but embroidery or lace-making—such, that is to say, as have learnt anything at all. The priest does not want enlightenment, for himself or his flock. Witness the recent rejection by the Rural Council of Navan, Co. Meath, on the motion of the priest, of a proposal to establish public libraries. The education administered by the priest is not directed towards enabling his pupils to earn a living on their land or making efficient citizens. On the contrary, it tends to make them despise industry. The real A.B.C. which the Irish priest teaches to his peasant pupil is Agitation, Boycotting, Cattle-driving.

A BANEFUL INFLUENCE

The power of the priesthood is a baneful one for his people in two ways, economically and also morally, that is to say, in its effect upon their character and judgment. One serious economic danger attaching to the predominance of the priesthood lies in the drain upon the resources of the people caused by their excessive numbers and the consequent expense of their mere maintenance, not to mention their countless exactions over and above the means of livelihood. And the fruits of industry thus unduly diverted into the hands of the Church are rendered quite unproductive. Their absolute ignorance of economic truths also makes the priestly methods a hindrance even where they seem commendable, as in their promotion of early and improvident marriages, which, though they may be morally excellent, are a bad thing for the prosperity of the country. The ignorance of the priests is, in fact, mediæval, even as their domination of Ireland is only to be paralleled in the records of the middle ages. Taking the peasant at an early age, they first vitiate the elements of healthy independence in him by neglecting his body and stunting his intelligence. And when he grows up they still keep charge of him, body and soul, and make him feel that it is not his own merits, but the priest's approval or disapproval which stamp him with such character as he may possess. Meanwhile, they fill him up with crude Socialism, and encourage him to the cowardly agitation which makes men into ruffians, skulkers, and mendicants. That is some of the work of the priests for their flock, on whom they live, financially, by their contributions, and politically, by organising and using them as tools in their schemes of agitation and violence. Some, an increasing number, escape by emigration, but many remain behind.

A SELFISH CONSPIRACY

Their close touch with peasants and politicians alike has won for the priesthood yet another alliance, and their power is consolidated by an co-operation with Dublin Castle, by which they are made the agents and intermediaries in Government missions and measures of compromise. Thus fortified, they are carrying on by every means in their power that Socialistic campaign which one of their leading men, Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, described with remarkable frankness as being directed to "overthrowing the ascendancy of the classes." Their object is to remove, not only every landlord, but every layman of standing in Ireland, and substitute their own as the dominant power. They will have none of the Irish gentry, a class full of patriotism and with the material means to do real good to the country by providing employment for the people. It is not of the country that the priest is thinking, however. One might have some sneaking sympathy for the priestly conspirators if one thought they really were working from motives of patriotism, however mistaken. But they are not. The Great Irish Conspiracy is a purely selfish one. The only real national trouble in Ireland is one of material distress, and if the peasants were relieved of this, as they would be if they were relieved of the sinister domination of the priests and other agitators, all genuine complaint would die down—has, indeed, on occasions before now all but died down, only to be deliberately fomented again. The priest, however, has not the people's, but his own profit at heart, so he aids in delaying the advent of prosperity in order to supply the excuse for the agitation on behalf of a fictitious "national" movement, with the catchword of "Ireland for the Irish," in the bolstering up of which the priest and the politician may gratify their cupidity and ambitious designs.

A REPLY TO CRITICISM

The series of articles which "The Bystander" is publishing under the title of "The Great Irish Conspiracy" is, not unnaturally, perhaps, causing considerable commotion in the Nationalist ranks. The publication of these unwelcome facts has elicited from the organs of the Conspirators many choice flowers of language, and the Nationalist Press has adopted to the letter the famous old legal maxim, "when you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney." Prominent in the chorus of virtuous indignation is the voice of the "Irish News and Belfast Morning News," the Belfast edition of the "Freeman's Journal," notoriously the mouthpiece of the priesthood, with whose very important share in the Conspiracy we deal further this week. "Infamous production," "series of lies and ignorant misrepresentations," "mean libels"—such are a few of the phrases in which our contemporary vents its rage at the exposure. By way of refutation it has summoned to its aid an anonymous correspondent, of whom, we are told, that he is a "prominent citizen," and who, ignoring the main issues, asserts at some length that the cost of the pretentious Roscommon Church, erected by the priests in the midst of appalling poverty and misery, is £8,000 instead of £80,000, as stated in "The Bystander." We may point out that the sum we gave is identical with that named by the "Standard" as the price of this church, and that Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, former Nationalist M.P., endorses the figures in his admirable book "Paraguay on Shannon." We must avow that we prefer the authority of either of these to that of our contemporary, or its anonymous civic correspondent, who has made, we are inclined to believe, a clerical error.

Next week's Article on "The Great Irish Conspiracy" will deal with THE CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY

all in Palestine

Two Scenes of Our Lord's Last Days

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES: GETHSEMANE

Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives

On the Mount of Olives, the scene of our Lord's lamentation over the Holy City, and also of His Ascension, have been erected several churches. The Russian church, in the foreground of the photograph, is, in common with all the other edifices erected by members of this Church, a very substantial building, which, in times of trouble, would form a very serviceable point of vantage. Near by are also the Chapel of the Ascension, and the Church of the Lord's Prayer, a graceful building erected in the middle of the last century, which, however, through lack of funds, is already falling into a bad state of repair

Gethsemane: The Scene of the "Agony in the Garden"

Though doubts exist as to the identity of several of the holy spots, none whatever is attached to that of the Garden of Gethsemane. Within the Garden are eight olive trees, evidently of very great antiquity, which, however, still bear leaves and fruit

MEMORIES OF CHRIST: HALLOWED SPOTS

On the Shores of the Sea of Galilee: Fishermen Repairing Nets

The photograph serves to remind us of the frequent presence of our Lord among the fishermen of his lifetime, and of the various miracles enacted on the famous lake, notably the staying of the tempest, the act of walking on the waters, and the great draught of fishes. The sea has not lost with centuries its reputation for storms, and such tempests as that of the miracle are of regular occurrence to-day

Photos

The Birthplace of Our Lord As It Is To-Day

Nazareth is, apart from its fame as the "cradle of the Kingdom of God"—*i.e.*, the early home of the Saviour—one of the most beautiful spots in the Holy Land. It is situated in a hollow opening broadly at the summit of a group of mountains, and has a population of from three to four thousand. A cheerful spot in our Lord's day, Nazareth is, even now, occupied by pleasant people; its houses are picturesque and its gardens fresh and green

At the Fountain of

The fountain, which was, in the days of our Lo broken channels now contain only a muddy stre "the beauty of the women who assemble there in in the Sixth Century, and was regarded as the gi manner. It is the Syrian type in all its languid be said to

A STREET IN JERUSALEM

The mode are Jews, The streets b

Despite the many vicissitudes throug beginning of the Christain era, Palestine the daily life in town and countryside in differ substantially from that led 2,000 ye on these pages, therefore, not only sho present day, but they are of great assis manners and customs of those chara the scenes amid w

Palestine

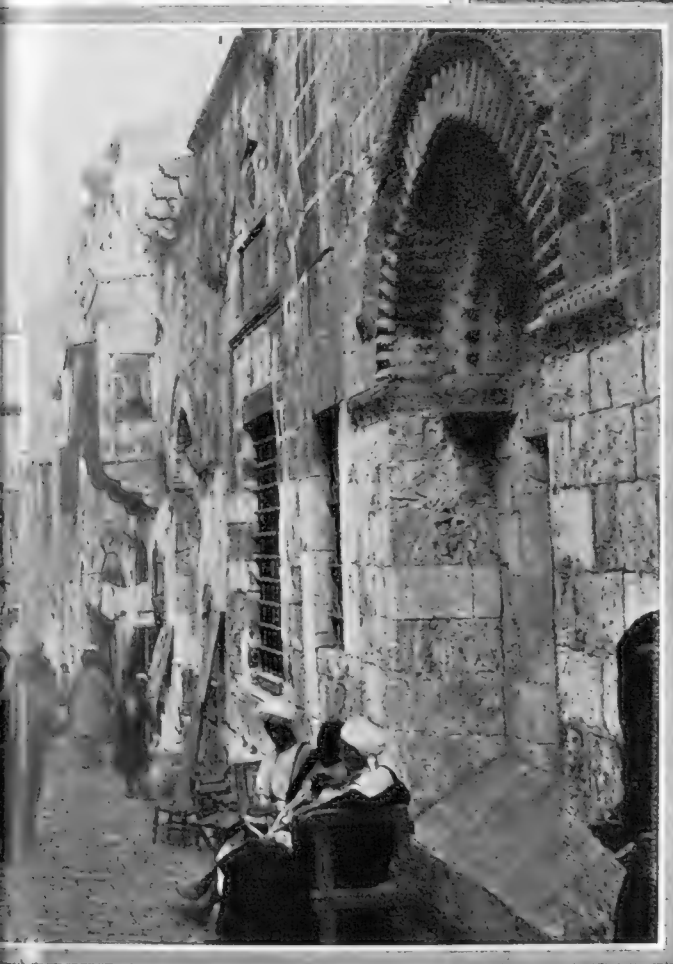
AS THEY ARE SEEN TO-DAY

he Virgin, Nazareth

... centre of life and gaiety, is destroyed; its ... But (remarks Renan, in his "Life of Jesus") ne evening—that beauty which was remarked even of the Virgin Mary—is still preserved in a striking ace—of the kind to which the Virgin herself may ve ... longed"

On the Shores of the Sea of Galilee

The lake of undying memory is about thirteen miles by six in area. It lies 682 ft. below sea level. Its waters are clear, cool, and sweet, and are surrounded by bare and rocky shores, save on the west, where the vegetation is luxuriant. It was in the towns on its shores that our Lord delivered most of his lessons and enacted many of His greatest miracles



city has about 28,000 inhabitants, of whom half quarter Moslems, and the remainder Christians. ove is typical of the architectural style of the city

which the land has passed since the is still "the Unchanging East," and this the Twentieth Century, does not ears ago. The photographs reproduced us what the Holy Land is like at the stance in helping us to appreciate the cters among whom Christ lived, and hich he worked

Lumsden

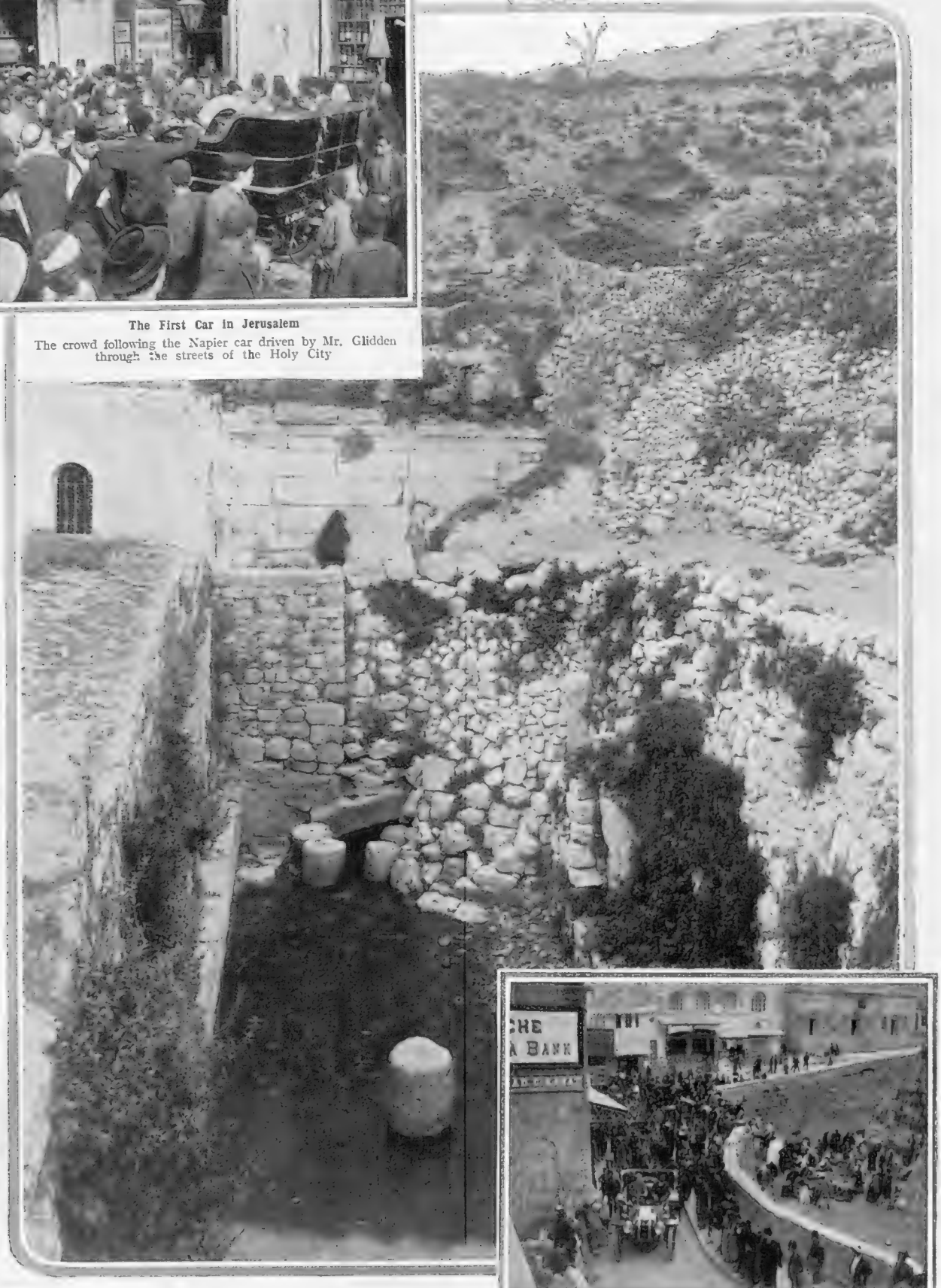
The Mount of Olives

The limestone ridge, east of Jerusalem, was, it will be remembered, the resting-place of our Lord before entering Jerusalem. From hence, on Palm Sunday, he despatched the two disciples for an ass, and rode in triumph into the city, acclaimed by Hosannas

The Old and New in the Holy Land

The First Car in Jerusalem

The crowd following the Napier car driven by Mr. Glidden through the streets of the Holy City



The Pool of Siloam: The Scene of a Famous Miracle

"And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man who was blind from his birth . . . . and said unto him 'Go, wash in the pool of Siloam.' He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing."—

John ix., 1 and 7

The Motor in the Holy Land

Mr. Charles J. Glidden's Napier car in Jerusalem. Mr. Glidden has thoroughly explored, in his car, six hundred miles of the Holy Land—from Dan to Beersheba, in fact

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 125

THE LONG SPOON

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

A STRANGE, contrary, ill-balanced compound was Felicity Greer. Educated in the bosom of a religious community, carefully blindfolded by her parents whenever excursion or incursion occurred likely to freckle the blank sheet of her comprehension, driven humanely, without bearing-rein, from marble pillar to fumed oak post, she attained the age of twenty-one in blissful ignorance of all but a small fraction of the component qualities of human nature. Men and women were to her creatures who nourished their bodies with meat and drink, and their souls with celestial or terrestrial study and research—and died. The fact that they died was to her the most exhilarating thing about them, because her religiosity was so fervent that her blood thrilled at the tremendous tribute to religion paid by an untimely decease.

Six months' contact with the world startled her senses, discovered for her the multiplicity of sensations that the hungry soul may experience. Where spiritual culture had bathed and rocked her ego, physical understanding, in its sudden, fierce inrush, shattered her individuality. She became as a sponge for water, lint for blood, fuel for fire. She played at coquetry in sweet atmospheres, tasted sensuous idolatry in luxurious interiors, pungent with the salt scent of champagne. Her unmistakable, indisputable loveliness laid all at her feet, and she rioted in her power. Here was the male, a new sex. Here was herself, till now un-sexed. Men of muscle, men of brain, how madly, sweetly fascinating were they. The languorous, floral pillows of Monte-Carlo and its newest sins; the electric massage of Chamonix, the skate, the tingling scald of the white snow; the musical clatter of Paris, and the callousness of its vice; the caressing comfort of London and its wonderful people, strong and finely cultured. She banqueted on the sweets of every lovely city. Life was a warm stream, wherein she felt that she could bathe for ever without weariness.

How long she might have revelled in this exotic existence without experiencing the passionate desire for solitude that comes at one time or another to all whole-hearted hedonists cannot be written. The body's *satis est* is often said long before the soul is gratified. Felicity Greer ignored for a time the mandate of the flesh. Her body, to be revenged, wrote its protest in deep lines on the parching skin, discoloured the long silken hair, and stemmed the speed of the racing blood. The woman fled to drugs, to cunning skin-doctors, and—from Saturdays to Mondays—to Nature.

One Monday morning she bought a book on poisons; Tuesday evening found her in a small concert-hall wrapt in ecstasy at a sallow foreigner's adventurous hammering of piano-keys; Wednesday she spent in bed; Thursday she wiled away in buying sweets, drugs, lingerie, and a pretty silver-plated revolver; Friday brought her visits from malicious acquaintances, and an evening at musical comedy; and Saturday she spent for the most part in a cold and not particularly clean church. The peculiar stage of insanity at which she arrived by Sunday afternoon supplied her with a rosier view of her life and future prospects than the drugs, the revolver, the musical comedy, and the church had encouraged. She revelled in this heaven-sent, optimistic mood for two days, but a further and very sudden physical collapse restored her to complete sanity.

She sat in her bedroom on the Tuesday evening, and resignedly decided, after very little thought, to put an end to her life. She was so near, she felt, to madness. To die was better than to decay. To die now in soft silk clothes was much pleasanter than to die a little later in coarse linen and a harsh environment. Indeed, she must hasten to die. How soon might it be that that awful phase would again approach wherein she feared death and loved and laughed in life. Madness was near, very near. She snatched the revolver from a drawer, and nervously loaded its chambers. Nearer now, nearer now! She put the bright little barrel into her mouth. A tremor in her knees made her pause, and then crouch on the ground. A little chatelaine bag at her waist broke open, and some coins rang on the floor, and then rolled and rolled, dizzily. The woman watched them closely, waited for their rolling to cease. One golden coin performed three full circles before it settled, vibrating noisily. Her heart thudded against her corsets. Her head seemed to empty. The point of her tongue was dry against the mouth of the shining revolver, and the steel scalded it. Her strength was escaping. She was going mad—going mad. She bit the barrel hardly, the muscles of her fingers jerked. The weapon rang out, a sharp, fierce click, and rattled to the floor. The woman lurched crazily and swooned, her face raw-red, her mouth open. She had pulled on an empty chamber.

. . . . . .

The evening sun flamed across the bay "of the little boat," flamed across the yellow sand, the gaunt rocks and the wilderness of bracken, up the gaunt cliffs, and across the fair face of the Isle of Guernsey, turning the glass of the pretty greenhouses into plates of burnished gold.

A party of three were scrambling down the dangerous cliff path. One was a pretty young woman, picturesquely dressed in light materials. The grandeur of the environment lent piquancy to the air of fashion about her dainty clothing. She looked very much as a pantomime fairy would look in an Alpine ravine. Her two male companions apparently found more difficulty in keeping their feet than she did, their attempts to assist her proving usually embarrassing. They were both obviously London men, and, far from enjoying the natural beauty of their surroundings, seemed to be continually haunted by the prospect of their difficult return climb.

"Now you've got us down, Mamie, I hope you realise you've got to pull us up again," said the younger of the two men, a youth with waxen face and hair

"I don't think I want to go back, Tommy,

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

yet awhile, anyway. Can't we build a hut or—something?"

"Of course we can. Tommy will build the walls with these stones here, and I'll thatch the roof with seaweed. We might catch a crab or two for supper." The elder man was speaking. He gave the impression that he was thinking of something else whenever he spoke, and his face suggested that he must find it very difficult ever to say anything agreeable.

"You're a silly ass, Gordon. We ain't had any dinner." Tommy held out his cigarette-case to the girl, who surveyed both the men with a twinkle in her eye.

"You boys would just get laughed at in the West."

"Oh, damn the West!" said Tommy.

"Damn Christopher Columbus!" corrected Gordon. The girl tossed her pretty head, and the men smiled.

"We're only jealous, Mamie," said Tommy, youthfully.

"Perhaps it ain't America's fault. A lot of free advertisement is quite fortuitous."

"You think I advertise?"

"I don't think your people came to Europe for poison. I think Europe shipped it over to you."

"What's this but advertisement, Mamie, driving us two down here at this hungry hour?" querulously inquired Tommy. Mamie chuckled.

"Say, that's a woman in that boat, boys. Doesn't she look cunning? Let's slip round and see her come in."

The men lounged after the impetuous girl, whose eyes were glistening at the spectacle of one of her own sex dexterously handling a clumsy fisherman's boat. She ran round to the shelf of rock that the boat was heading for, and stood with her hands on her hips, eagerly devouring every movement of the boat's occupant.

The woman brought her craft close to the wall of rock, roped it at stern and bow to a heavy cable attached to the shore, and then nimbly clambered up the iron ladder that led to the platform where Mamie and her companions stood. On her back was a wicker creel, presumably containing her catch of fish.

When her face appeared on the edge of the shelf, her eyes opened wide with surprise at the sight of the three curious spectators, whose presence she had not previously noticed. With a slight blush in her sun-tanned cheeks, she clambered over the edge and stood for a moment facing them.

The men's eyes lit up with admiration. Her beauty startled all three out of their composure. Her pose was so queenly, her figure so gracious, her hair so rich and soft. Her lips parted in a smile as she noted the impression that her appearance had made. Then settling her creel more comfortably on her shoulders, she turned to go. Suddenly she felt her arm seized, and started to find someone gazing into her face and stammering hysterically. The girl, Mamie, was clinging to her, her face full of a wild excitement that seemed to stem her speech.

"It's—it's you, it's you. Felicity!" The fisherwoman drew back, her face white and frightened.

"Who are you? Yes, why—yes, I know you! You are Mamie—Mamie Prince!"

"Felicity, Felicity! Say, whatever have you been doing? I've found you! I've found you! O, my dear!" The little American girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, Mamie, you have found Felicity again. But I'm very, very sorry. I did not want to see any of you again—even you, Mamie."

"Oh, Felicity, don't——. But I must introduce you. These are my friends. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gordon—Miss Greer." The men raised their hats. From the lack of expression in their faces, one might have assumed that they were merely tired sentries saluting. Felicity noticed it with amusement. The Tussaud vogue apparently still held favour in smart society.

"I must have a long talk to you, Felicity. Give them that nasty basket to carry." The men gazed a little dubiously at the sticky, wet creel, and were obviously relieved when Miss Greer laughingly insisted on carrying it herself.

"I'll show you an easy way up the cliff, Mamie. I expect you came down by that terrible stream-path. Very few know the other."

For some way the two strangely re-united women spoke only of the sensation that Felicity's disappearance had caused in a wide circle.

"We knew you were alive, Felicity. Your lawyers confirmed that, but we couldn't draw them anyhow as to where you'd flown to. Tell me why you went, dear?"

"I should have thought a shrewd little woman like you would have guessed, Mamie. But perhaps you are too fond of what you call life to understand my revolt."

"Say, you didn't just get tired of dances and theatres and frocks and flirting, did you?"

"I got tired of not being able to enjoy them, Mamie."

"How? I hope I'm not worrying you?"

"I wasn't trained for the life I led. That was all. I flung myself into it and drained every pleasure it could provide, with the natural result that I collapsed physically. Oh, not your sort of collapse, Mamie—one that October on a yacht would have cured. It was something very different. I think I lost my reason. In certain sane hours I tried to kill myself. Fate ruled that I should fail. In a succeeding phase of madness I packed a trunk and came here. The first night I spent here—on that seashore. And the sea thundered in my ears all night. Its power infuriated me so much that I could not throw my body from the rocks. By morning I had determined to fight again, to live here by the sea. If I failed, the sea should have me."

"And now? You are happy?"

"Yes. In these two years I have grown young again, in spirit and in body. It was the sea, Mamie. It taunted me for my weakness, and now I am strong and we are friends."

"You strange, wonderful girl! And you are happy—happy here, where no one can exchange an opinion with you, miles away from every worldly pleasure."

"Don't emphasise that, Mamie. I still remember the world of culture, the many ecstatic moments that artificial things can provide. But I do so want to forget. I wish sometimes that my money was all spent. It would almost kill the temptation."

"But, dear, you can't be always satisfied with this fisher-girl's life. Later in life you must come back

(*Continued on page 136*)

Dusky Ladies Nicotine

BURMESE GIRLS WITH THEIR "WHACKIN' WHITE CHEROOTS'

(One of the attractive "Photographs of the Orient," by H. G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., now on exhibition at the "British Journal of Photography," Wellington Street. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Raines and Co., Ealing)

(Continued from page 134)

or go mad. Do, do come now; when you are young, and oh! so gloriously beautiful."

"Am I still beautiful, Mamie? Yes, I know I am. That is another temptation. What a *rentré* it would be!"

"Felicity, you would be an eternal heroine. Come, dear. You have learnt your lesson. You won't make the old mistakes."

They were at the head of the cliff. Felicity did not at once answer her friend. She looked out over the sea, a vast shield of bronze blue, raked with long braids of foam.

"Go back, Mamie, and leave the sea?"

"But you shall come back, Felicity; come back here as often as you wish."

"I belong to the sea. Will the sea let me go?" The little American girl looked at her curiously.

"Come to-morrow, Mamie, and ask me again. Bring you friends to dinner. That is my house there, where the red tiles show between the trees."

When her new-found friends had gone, Felicity Greer was for many hours the prey of conflicting moods. She was intensely proud of her success in the battle with herself. The glory of it had been that she had fought it alone, unaided, save for the stimulant of the kiss and jeer of the sea. The first weeks found her often wavering, often on the rocks at midnight, despair in her heart and madness in her brain. But the sea had again and again helped her to face another day, and she had passed into a phase of cynical content. Then nature wooed her from this cynicism, and wed her naturally pure instincts to the spirit of land and water. She found her bridegroom in work, work that lay in an old garden, sweet meadows, and on the crests of the waves. She hoed and garnered, shot and fished. Her shattered nerves renewed their life, her vitality gathered fresh impetus every day, and her beauty redawned in the morning after peaceful nights.

But this restored vigour brought with it an insidious temptation which was in its way little better than the fierce summons to kill which she had to quell in the days of her infirmity. Continually did her strength and beauty remind her that the old forbidden delights were for her again, if she so chose. She might drink again of the sweetness of little sins. She might with impunity drive her body through months and months of mad gaiety. And then — then, surely, she could return to Petit Bot, to the peaceful turf and the infinite entertainment of the sea. The sea said no. It grumbled, spat, flung mighty laughs, dripping with foam, at her when she thought of it. Yes, she belonged to the sea. The sea must assent.

Mamie and her friends arrived punctually to time at the little red-tiled house. The picturesque garden, the quaint old-world furniture of the two living-rooms quickly won their admiring attention. A French maidservant, very fat and most boisterously attached to her mistress, admitted them with wondering eyes. No less astonishment was pictured in the faces of the visitors at the elegant comfort of everything they saw. There were books in profusion in the sitting-room, slumbrous easy chairs, and an ebony piano. Two quaint copper lamps spread a soft primrose light, and the scent of wild flowers pervaded every cranny. The frank astonishment of the men reached a climax when Felicity made her appearance.

That her frock was two years behind the times only a woman could have told. It was of stiff, Eastern silk of the tint of an old bronze. It dressed her figure graciously, and blended gently with the soft gleam of garnets in her rich hair. A dull, green light glinted from the emeralds in a heavy ornament that entwined her throat.

For a moment all three of her visitors gazed at her in amazement. Then Mamie impulsively flung her arms round her friend's neck, and kissed her again and again.

"Felicity, Felicity!"

"Well, Mamie, it is the only frock I have left fit to wear. I couldn't entertain you in my fishing serge, could I?"

"Say, dear, you've stepped right down from Olympus. You look like Venus and Minerva and—all of them. Doesn't she, Tommy?"

"Everyone of them, Mamie. They ought to put your picture on the posters of the Small Holdings Act, Miss Greer."

"We thought, Miss Greer, that you were going to lecture us to-night," said Gordon. "We really didn't think you would content yourself with an object-lesson."

"I believe you came here to-night meaning to lecture me," laughed Felicity, lifting a tantalus of spirits from the sideboard.

"You don't say that's whisky, Felicity? These boys have just been groaning for it all along, and I said you were sure to be on the water-waggon now you were leading the Simple Life. You are just great."

An old, weather-beaten Islander, whose duties had hitherto lain in the sphere of the garden, shortly announced dinner. Felicity and her friends sat round a charmingly arranged table, a few sprays of delicate blue flowers setting off the exquisite silver ornaments. The appetising menu added to the surprised delight of the visitors.

"Yes, I have a very good cook, Mamie, though she herself would not dream of eating a lot of the dishes that I have taught her to prepare."

"I think you are a downright fraud, Miss Greer," remarked Tommy Savage. "Hermits don't cook soles in wine."

"Except when the traveller calls, Mr. Savage."

"Ah, quite Biblical," commented Gordon. "You don't call us strangers. The Homeric mood has passed, I presume."

"Yes, you would find even Homer artificial if you lived this life. The Bible is so simply charitable."

"Say, you don't go to church, Felicity?" anxiously inquired Mamie.

"I do. It's the queerest little box you ever saw. And the service is conducted in the Island *patois*, quite terrible if you're accustomed to roll your 'r's.'"

"And does the minister call on you? And do you preach to the mothers and drill godliness into the kiddies? Felicity, you'll become a crank."

"I don't do anything, dear, that doesn't amuse me."

"The true philosophy of existence," affirmed Gordon, dropping a tabloid into his glass of hock.

"But that doesn't leave much for you to do, surely, in this place. Not if I remember your tastes." Mamie

(Continued on page 138)

Behind the Firing Line

OURSELVES AS NON-COMBATANTS IN OUR WEEK-END WAR AGAINST THE ZAKKAS

A Safe Corner

Lieut. R. C. DUNCAN, 5th Gurkha Rifles, writes: "The high wall seen in the background enabled us to have our meals and read our BYSTANDER with comparatively little fear of the snipers' bullets"

With the Commissariat

A snapshot of one of the officers of the punitive expedition having a quiet rest and read on a stack of commissariat stores. Taken by Lieut. A. H. BURN, 59th Scinde Rifles, in the Khyber Pass below Fort Ali Masjid

An Imperturbable Trio

Three officers of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in a sangar at Walai Camp, Bazar Valley. Sent by Major WESTMORLAND, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, Peshawar

What a Camp of an Expeditionary Force Looks Like

A remarkable bird's-eye view of a camp at Walai, in the Bazar Valley, and the country in which operations were carried on during our recent "week-end" war against the Zakka Khels. In the background is shown the hill crowning the village of China, which it will be remembered, was completely destroyed and burnt early in the campaign. Sent by Lieut. A. P. A. M. MELVILLE, 23rd Sikh Pioneers, Sialkot, Punjab, India

(Continued from page 136)

had not yet made up her mind that Felicity's physical cure had extended to her brain.

"Much to do? Well, in the morning I get up——"

"Awful!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Certainly never amusing," agreed Mr. Gordon.

"You won't be content with that for ever," sagely replied Tommy.

"You know what the other life is like," said Gordon. "Do you really prefer this?"

"No, perhaps I don't prefer it."

"You want music. I should think the eternal boom of the sea must be hell to you."

"Yes, I want music."

"You want the violin and the waltz. You want artificial lights and artificial scents. The purity of this room must often torture you. You want the excitement of crowds and the applause of women. You want, though perhaps you will think me impertinent to refer to it, the homage of men."

"You are right. I want all that, but—I remember."

"But Felicity, dear," interrupted Mamie, "you need not remember. Your instinct will guide you right after these two years."

"I can't sip, Mamie, where once I drank. If I put the cup to my lips, I must finish it. I know myself at last."

"Then why not finish it?" asked Gordon, leaning excitedly over the table. "With your health, and—I must say it—your rare beauty, the contents of the cup would be all but inexhaustible."

"You want me to sup with the devil because I have a long spoon, Mr. Gordon."

Gordon shrugged his shoulders.

"I suggest that you should lead the life you would most adorn," he said. Felicity sat silent.

"You are afraid of failure," said Gordon.

"No, no! A thousand times, no. I fear nothing, nothing but——." She paused for a moment. Through the open window came the susurrus of the sea. "There, you've talked sufficiently of me. Now let me hear about yourselves."

Nothing further was said on the subject of Felicity's future plans until after dinner, when all four were pacing the garden. Felicity walked with Mr. Gordon. He had been telling her of the sensations of the past months, of the many new diversions that the butterfly world had discovered, had been painting fresh pictures of old gay scenes. Once or twice she tried to stop him, but he would not be dissuaded. There was an earnest note in his pleading that rather frightened her, made her less sure of herself. It was difficult, after so great a lapse, to fence with a clever, cultured man of the world.

"The reception you prepared for us to-night, Miss Greer, pleased you just as greatly as it delighted us. To-morrow, when you dine alone, your heart will be full of regrets."

"I know that, Mr. Gordon, but it is my duty to scorn them."

"Duty? You speak so confidently. Is the monk in his cell doing his duty by himself, even if he act rightly by his neighbours? It is a pretty question."

"Why do you tempt me so cunningly? I don't want to stay, but I must, I must. If you were kind, you would help me."

"I am kind. I am thinking of your future. It is quite a chance that I happen to want what I think is right. I am generally selfish enough to want what is wrong for my neighbour."

"My future. After all, who can speak of that?"

"Yourself. Your lips, your eyes, your blood."

"You are very daring." The man coloured slightly.

"I must speak frankly—unless you would prefer to come indoors and play chess." Felicity smiled faintly.

"Tell me," she said, "if a game of chess would amuse you as much."

"Quite. If you came back it would not be for my sake, but because of my arguments." Felicity stopped walking, and looked at him, disappointment written large on her face.

"I never thought you would say anything so boyish as that."

"You tempted me. Come along. We must get to the chess-board." She put her hand on his arm to stop him, and smiled into his face. He placed a hand on hers.

The girl's face paled. She drew her hand away sharply, and pressed her hands to her breast. The man smiled grimly above her.

"You see you must come." He kissed her.

"Not for you," she whispered.

"Not for me, I know. That would be too wonderful. Say to me—'Yes, I will come, because——'"

"Yes, I will come, because—because my body cannot live alone."

When her visitors had gone, Felicity stood for some time alone in her garden. Then, without stopping to put on hat or cloak, she set out for the cliff-path to the sea. Down the slippery, overgrown streambed she stumbled in her satin shoes, not pausing till the sand was beneath her feet.

The wind had freshened, and the waves were tumbling roughly round the rocks. Felicity clambered out to a small pinnacle where she had often sat and mused in the early days of her stay at Petit Bot. The water frothed to her feet as if to welcome her. The great waves arched solemnly. What had she to say?

"I am going back," she whispered to the sea. Away went the water, draining the shingle noisily after it.

"Shame," roared the sea, crashing angrily below.

"Yes, I am going back. May I go?" The waves tossed their heads. Spume spun riotously round her.

Felicity looked out over the waste of water. Great pools of flake foam swayed sullenly. The water heaved like the sides of a great animal. It moaned at the base of a far-distant reef and thundered at her feet. But between, it swelled sullenly and silently, the foam-pools rolling silkenly.

"May I go?" shouted the girl.

"Go to your death!" howled the waves at her feet.

"May I go?" she screamed. But the long, sullen swell deigned no reply.

On her way home she paused again at the head of the cliff. Might she go? Might she go? The sea swelled proud and silent.

"Go to your death—death—death," intoned the crashing breakers in the bay.

And the woman, with a great ache in her heart, bade good-bye to her soul and the sea.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Courtship in High Society

THE "STONY" EARL AND THE GIDDY SPINSTER

BY G. L. STAMPA

RACING NOTIONS

A GLANCE AT THE DERBY. By CARBINE

Many Fancies for Epsom

This year's Derby promises to be unusually open. Perhaps the next few weeks may serve to alter the outlook very materially, but at the present moment there are at least a dozen English colts who are genuinely believed to have a good chance of winning the world's greatest race. Last autumn the two-year-old form left us all in a state of uncertainty as to the respective merits of the cracks. Only one thing seemed clear—that Lesbia was undoubtedly the best of her age. But that doesn't help us much, because nobody knows at present whether or not this charming little filly will be started for the Derby. Naturally, Sir Daniel Cooper is waiting to observe the form displayed in the Two and One Thousand Guineas before he definitely decides upon this point. And so we have to estimate the chances of a number of colts whose records are all more or less stained by defeats, one notable exception being Mr. James Buchanan's Mountain Apple, who won his two races in good style last season, and might prove to be that real champion which his popular owner has been doing his best to breed.

Some Prominent Candidates

For most of the leading two-year-olds plausible excuses have been urged in extenuation of their defeats. For example, it is declared that Sir Archibald would never have been beaten at Newmarket if he had not had a bad railway journey on the day before the race, and had consequently gone right off his food. Again, it is thought that Perrier was backward when beaten in his only race. Indeed, judging by the fact that some courageous souls were taking 100 to 12 about the King's colt last week, there is evidently a widespread belief that Perrier was not seen at his best last season. Then there is Ednam, who never justified his big home reputation in the autumn, but is expected to do so during the current season. Twice he has been beaten, but the excuse was made the first time that he was "green," and the second time he was said to have been injudiciously ridden. Other instances could be quoted of how reverses are glossed over in this way, and until the Two Thousand Guineas is decided there is not likely to be any pronounced favourite for the Derby. The odds which bookmakers offer nowadays are not tempting enough to induce the public to support the Derby candidates months before the date of the race, and in this respect conditions are very different from those obtaining forty or fifty years ago, when it was possible in mid-winter to back a Derby candidate for several thousands without causing him immediately to jump into favouritism, which would certainly be the case if anyone wanted to support a colt in similar circumstances to-day.

Derby Horses and Their Names

Irrespective of our individual fancies and opinions, the nation is hoping that Perrier will be good enough to win for the King his third Derby. The colt is pleasing the Newmarket critics hugely by the way he gallops. What an advertisement, by the way, does Perrier's prominence give to a certain mineral water. It ought to be worth thousands to the proprietors, for one seldom thinks of the horse without thinking of the drink as well. Much less pleasant memories are evoked by the name of another prominent Derby candidate—Sea Sick II. As a well-known writer puts it, surely a horse with a name like that could never win the Derby! It would be something like a profanation of the traditions of the Turf. Yet we have to face the fact that this same Sea Sick II. is uncommonly smart, or he could not have beaten Monitor so easily as he did a few days ago.

Selections for Easter

Last week the field for the Doveridge Handicap turned out very disappointingly, such interesting candidates as Longcroft, Bellatrix, Rockbourne, and Snow Leopard all declining the contest. The outcome was that Duke of Sparta scored very easily. Longcroft is being held in reserve for the City and Suburban, which promises to be a most attractive affair. Time enough, however, to deal with its prospects in future issues of THE BYSTANDER, and in the interim we have some important racing at Easter. The customary vast holiday crowd may once again be looked for at Kempton Park, where the chief problem will be to find the winner of the Queen's Prize. After the successes of Kaffir Chief and Roseate Dawn it would be quite in keeping with the character of the season if an old-stager like Golden Measure were to win this race, but personally I have greater faith in **Stickup**, and I take GLACIS as a second string. On the same day there is the Lancashire Steeplechase, the second most important event of cross-country racing. This may be won by **Tom West.**

Humorists of the Pencil

Under this title the proprietors of *Punch* are issuing in one shilling volumes separate collections of the best work of many of their most famous artists, past and present. The series commences with some of the gems from Phil May's inimitable pencil, which will be followed at short intervals by selections from the work of L. Raven-Hill, F. H. Townsend, John Leech, E. T. Reed, George du Maurier, Bernard Partridge, G. D. Armour, and others. When you have done reading your BYSTANDER, there could be no better way of whiling away your time in the train when going away for Easter than the Phil May collection, which is now on sale.

Otter Hunting Begins

THE CULMSTOCK HOUNDS OPEN THEIR SEASON ON THE TONE

THE KILL AT WATERROW

April sees the opening of the Otter Hunting Season, and the Culmstock Otter Hounds are now busy four days a week in the waters of Devon and Somerset. The pack was established in 1837, and was hunted for fifty-three years by Mr. W. P. Collier. Otters are plentiful, and about thirty otters a season are usually accounted for. Otter hunting is one of the most fascinating of sports, both in the trail work and when hounds have found or "put off" their otter and are actually hunting him

A Sporting Bit of Country

Photos *Sport and General*

Games and Pastimes

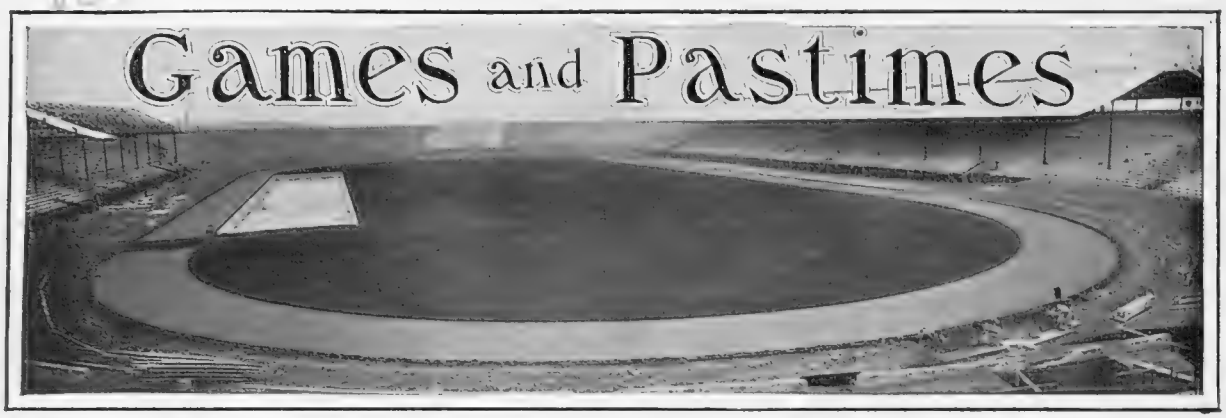


Photo *Topical Agency*

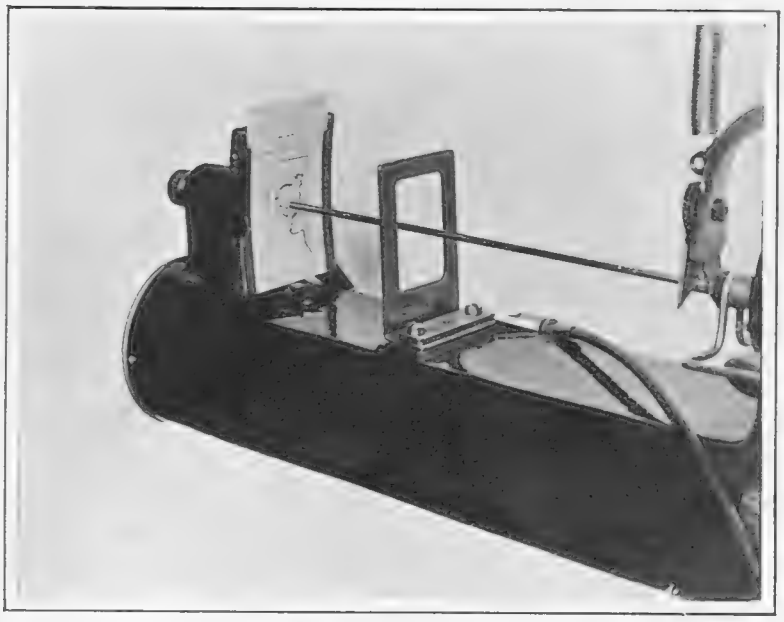
Almost Ready for the Olympic Games: The Stadium at Shepherd's Bush

All the work at the Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush is being pushed forward as quickly as possible for the official opening in the second week in May. The King will pay a State visit to the Exhibition with President Fallières during the latter's visit to England, and it is said that the Kaiser will probably be present during the Olympic games

HOCKEY

Hampstead's Record: A Correction

In describing Hampstead last week as champions of the South, I went on to say that they had an unbeaten record. I feel that, in justice to another club, and in order to make my meaning quite plain, I ought to have described them as champions of the South, with an unbeaten record *in the South*. For, as a matter of fact, they sustained a defeat from a Midland club, Northampton, at Northampton, a couple of Saturdays ago. This did not really affect what I was dealing with, their supremacy in Southern club hockey, and consequently I ignored it, with the result that what I wrote might be taken to mean that Hampstead had an unbeaten record for *all* matches wherever played—which was not true. I might add that on the occasion of this their first defeat they were without the "one and only" Shoveller, and one or two more of their "regulars."



A Portion of the Sub-Target Rifle Machine Showing Course of Aim on Sub-Target

The aim, started low down to the right, travelled, as shown by the irregular line, until finally the recruit got a bull's-eye. No mark is made on the target other than the puncture by the needle. A full description of this machine appears on the next page

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Season in Review: The Counties

Having started my brief review of the past Rugger season last week with a word or two about the Internationals, I now pass on to the County Championship, which was rendered noteworthy by the fact that it resulted in the addition of a new name—that of Cornwall—to the list of Champion Counties. Cornwall thoroughly deserved their victory, for they improved as the season advanced. There was originally a tie in their division between themselves, Gloucestershire, and Devon; but in the "play off" they triumphed, thanks mainly to a clever and sturdy pack of forwards. They then overcame Middlesex in the match for the Championship of the South, and finally met and defeated Durham, the Champions of the North, in the match for the Championship of England. Curiously enough, in this encounter their backs, and not their forwards, were the dominant factor, and were so far superior to the Durham backs as to neutralise the fact that Durham generally got the best of it in the scrums. Durham have been so consistently good for several seasons past that it was quite an achievement to beat them. Middlesex also deserve a word of praise for going as far as they did. They were quite the best of the home counties, and were somewhat handicapped by having to play Cornwall in Cornwall, for several of their best men could not make the long journey.

MARKSMANSHIP

Marksmanship as a Public School Sport

The sub-target rifle machine, a clever invention, though by no means new, is hardly as well-known as it deserves to be, and with the object of bringing it more prominently before the public of London, Mr. Vaile, who is a New Zealander by birth, and a patriotic Englishman by inclination, and is greatly interested in the subject of national defence, recently gave a practical demonstration of its working at the Savoy Hotel.

Primarily, the machine is a device which enables instruction to be given in rifle-shooting without taking the pupil to a range. The target at which the pupil aims is placed at a distance of only twenty yards from the machine, but by an accurate reduction in the size of the disc, the effect of aiming at a target 200, 300, or 500 yards away, as the case may be, is reproduced. The rifle is an actual Service rifle, and, though attached to the machine, is "slung" in such an ingenious manner that the firer has to support its full weight, and can move it about while aiming as freely as if he were shooting in the ordinary way. But the really valuable part of the invention is the "sub-target" mechanism from which it derives its name. This consists of a tiny target no bigger than a visiting-card and a steel pointer terminating in a fine needle, which are placed in juxtaposition to the barrel of the rifle, but are invisible to the firer. The pointer is almost in contact with the miniature target, and is so connected with the rifle that it indicates every movement which its muzzle makes while the pupil is taking aim at the larger target, and finally, when he pulls the trigger, the needle at the pointer's extremity pierces the sub-target and shows the hit that he has made, or, rather, would have made if he had been firing on a range with ball cartridge.

The Bearing on the Home Defence Problem

The great utility of this device is obvious, for the instructor, taking his stand by the pupil's side, watches the pointer, and can tell from its movements whether he is taking correct aim, whether he is holding his breath as he should do, whether he pulls the trigger properly, and so on. It is even possible to reproduce the effect of a cross wind, and apparently the only things that cannot be reproduced are the effect of the recoil when ball cartridge is used and the difficulties of light and other atmospheric conditions which are met with in real shooting. But, of course, it is not claimed that the invention can produce a finished marksman. Its object is to produce a pupil so thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of shooting that a brief experience of the conditions of actual range-firing "does the rest." It is possible that the problem of how to provide for the defence of England against a foreign invader without resorting to conscription may be partially, if not wholly, solved by the more general inclusion of rifle-shooting in the curriculum of our public schools, and if so, the sub-target machine should help considerably towards the realisation of that possibility. At Bradfield College the introduction of a couple of these machines has been attended with such success that this school will, perhaps, be destined to achieve undying fame as the pioneer of an important movement.

Teaching Marksmanship by the Aid of the Sub-Target Rifle: Sergt.-Major Scudamore Instructing Bradfield Boys

The sub-target rifle is a clever invention by which one may learn to become an expert marksman without going near a range! The sub-target mechanism consists of a tiny target and a steel pointer terminating in a fine needle placed in juxtaposition to the barrel. The pointer marks every movement made while taking aim, and on the trigger being pulled the needle pierces the sub-target, showing the exact position which would have been hit had the rifle been actually fired at the big target. Two of the machines have been installed at Bradfield with most successful results, and it is sure to be shortly adopted in other public schools where the important subject of rifle shooting is receiving devoted attention

Golf Notes and Notions

Photo *P.P.A.*

Beginning Early: Viscount Uffington, the Eleven Year Old Son and Heir of the Earl of Craven, Takes his First Lesson in Golf

Nisbet's Golf Year Book, 1908. Edited by John L. Low

"In the Spring the player's fancy fondly turns to thoughts of Low."

Punctually at the date marked in the calendar for the return of Spring comes the welcome new Year-Book from Messrs. Nisbet's presses. The calendar may deceive us with vain hopes of balmy days and velvet greens, but the red book which has won such a special place in the golfer's affections does not disappoint us. Mr. Low still casts the mantle of his authority over the publication, though I shrewdly suspect that he is now but a constitutional monarch, and that the active power is wielded by other but no less capable hands. However that may be, he himself contributes an excellent review of the "Golf of the Year," the most important part of which seems to me to be contained in the penultimate paragraph. As this bears on a subject which is interesting the minds of all golfers, I venture to quote it: "The revised Rules of the game will, it is hoped, be laid before the R. and A.G.C. in May. They will not be found to contain any revolutionary changes, but will, it is expected, be clearer in expression and simpler in codification than any of the former books of the Law." To this oracular utterance, vouchsafed to us by one who is speaking with knowledge and authority, we may all utter a devout amen. Greater clearness and simplicity are much to be desired, and will be welcomed with acclamation by all those interested in reform of the Rules.

Features Worth Attention

Among interesting articles I note two to which I would draw special attention. Mr. Bernard Darwin deals with "The Increase in the Entries for the Amateur Championship" in the able and judicious manner which characterises all his utterances on golf matters, while Mr. Burrow, in his "Mr. John Ball in the Amateur Championship," summarises in a most fascinating manner the doings of that great and popular player. County golf occupies a conspicuous place in the book, for, besides a "County Unions Directory," we have a record of the county matches in 1907, with the full scores appended. I echo Mr. Burrow's aspiration for a further fruition of the scheme of inter-county matches so dear to his mind. Nothing but good can come out of an increase of such matches. Increased space is given this year to the doings of the fair sex, for, in addition to the record of their Championship, we get this year an account of the Ladies' International matches and the Ladies' Inter-County Championship matches.

Better than Ever

At the close of the book there is an excellent Directory of the United States Golf Association, the powerful body which rules the affairs of golf across the herring pond.

The reader will also find an invaluable "County List of Golf Clubs," showing him at a glance the various clubs in each county.

The annotations to the Rules of Golf by Mr. Blackwell and the Editor have been revised in the light of the latest decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee.

"Nisbet's Golf Year Book of 1908" is even better than its predecessors. Higher praise cannot be given.

Harry Vardon v. Arnaud Massy at Deal

After his welcome and dramatic triumphs in the South of France, it was a happy thing that Harry Vardon should be so soon pitted against the champion on the green over which Massy inflicted a defeat on Braid in December. Massy, too, after his unwonted experience of playing second fiddle, must have welcomed this opportunity of re-establishing himself. This match may be taken as the beginning of the season here, and I have no doubt there will be plenty of Massy scalp-hunters about between now and the date of the Open Championship. They will have to hurry up if they wish to secure any locks of hair, for Vardon has left poor Massy pretty bare. The match at Deal proved a regular Waterloo for the Frenchman (has not someone rhapsodised about his Napoleonic nose?). He was right off his game, and broke his own heart and that of his backers by missing nearly all his short putts. Vardon played a fine game, and was always in a comfortable position. In these matches, if one of the cracks is quite out of form, he is bound to get a severe beating. The result of the match will give Vardon a further dose of confidence. From all accounts, his healthy appearance took men's minds back to the great days of ten years ago. My best compliments to him and condolences to Massy.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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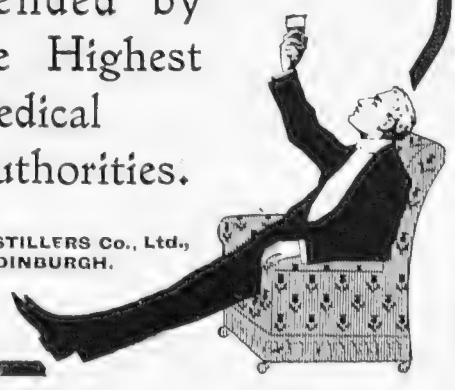

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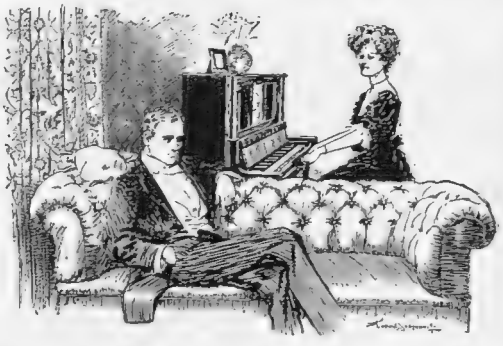

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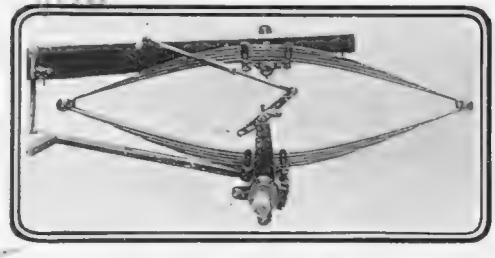
Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Winner of the Amateur Distance Handicap at Brooklands
Mr. E. W. Hubbard and his 6 h.-p. Siddeley

Brooklands Club re-opened on Saturday week last, when a sporting handicap race for private owners took place, which was greatly enjoyed by all and sundry, in spite of inclement weather. The race was a private sweepstakes, distance 21·35 miles, and the power and speed of the fourteen entries so varied — from a 60 h.-p. Fiat to a 6 h.-p. Siddeley—that most of the day was spent in determining the handicap. The scratch car was Sir George Abercromby's 60 h.-p. Fiat, while Mr. E. W. Hubbard's Siddeley, single cylinder 6 h.-p., received 13·41 miles start. The scratch car had to retire before long owing to ignition troubles, but the remainder ran merrily, the little Siddeley, somewhat to the surprise of the spectators, eventually reaching home ten yards in front of a 22 h.-p. Berliet (P. F. Stirling), 5·58 miles start, which, though rapidly overhauling Mr. Hubbard's car, was unable to catch it up before it reached the winning-post. Mr. G. Baxendale, on a 14 h.-p. Thornycroft, 6·47 miles start, was third, and it shows how admirable was the handicapping of Messrs. Rodakowski and Ebblewhite, when it transpired that seven of eleven starters finished within 1min. 45sec. of the winner. Apropos of Brooklands, I must not forget to mention that there should be a good meeting there next Saturday and on Easter Monday. Miss Dorothy Levitt, the famous lady driver who has participated in some of the greatest motor races at home and abroad, has, I hear, sent in an entry, but after due cogitation the Brooklands Committee have decided that it would not be safe to let this expert lady drive on a track, because, forsooth, she isn't a member of the male sex!



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The Reo springs are "full elliptic," *i.e.*, there are two sets of leaves arranged one above the other, which give far greater resiliency than the ordinary pattern. The neat adjustment of the spring to axle and frame should also be noted

* * *

The success of the Wolseley-Siddeley in the big race of fifty kilometres for motor-boats, open to all racers without distinction, at Monte Carlo is a triumph not only for the Siddeley Company, but to the British motor-boat industry as well. The race took place in a very choppy sea, and from beginning to end it was an exciting contest between the British Wolseley and the French Panhard. The last-named at the start set up a brilliant pace, but the Wolseley was seen to be overhauling her, and after passing and re-passing each

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Photo *Topical Agency*

The Re-opening of Brooklands: Cars lined up before leaving for their positions in the Amateur Distance Handicap

In spite of the weather, there was a good attendance at the re-opening of the Brooklands track, which was inaugurated with a sporting private owners race, a photograph of the winner of which is given above. Races will also be held next Saturday and Easter Monday

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Monaco Motor-Boat Race

The Panhard-Levassor Boat

This boat, after a brilliant start, was eventually beaten by the British competitor, the Wolseley-Siddeley

Photo *Topical Agency*

"Le Sizaire et Naudin" Boat

Which, in the race for small cruisers with single-cylinder motors, led throughout and won easily

other, the British boat won eventually by more than 2min., the time for the entire distance being 56min. 17 2-5th sec. In the race for small cruisers with single-cylinder motors, the Sizaire-Naudin boat led throughout, and won handsomely. The Fiat boat got her engine overheated, and caught fire, much to the excitement of everybody. She was entirely destroyed, as our photographs on page 111 show, only a few pieces of charred wood remaining.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

At the recent exhibition at the Agricultural Hall the Reo cars naturally caused much interest to motorists on account of their many novel points and low price. A feature in the Reo which attracted attention, from the novice and the expert alike, was the springing of the cars. So much has been written lately on the subject of springs and shock absorbers that we illustrate on the other page the position of the Reo springs. It will be noticed that they are "full elliptic," *i.e.* the spring has two sets of leaves arranged above each other, which naturally ensures great resiliency. It has been proved that the springing power of the full elliptic spring is many times greater than the combined springing power of two separate semi-elliptic springs. The neat adjustment of the spring to the back-axle and to the frame will be noticed, also the method of adjustment, and the manner in which the top half of the spring can be set back on the frame, so that the under-spring can always be kept in its correct and horizontal position. The end of the axle can also be seen, which shows the large key and the end locking-nut which secures the road wheel to the live shaft. The chassis illustrated is that of the latest type of 18 h.-p. Reo, and we may mention that the complete car, when fitted with a side-entrance body capable of seating five passengers, is sold by the Reo Motors, Ltd., of Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W., at the exceptionally low figure of £224.

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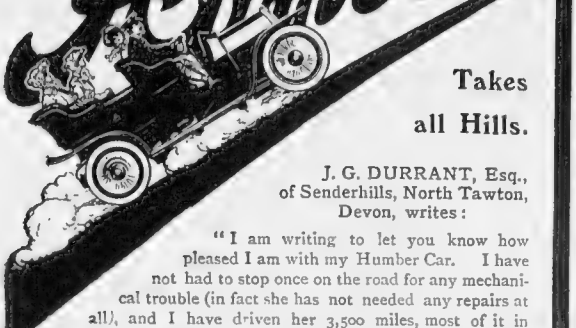
Photo *Park*

Victory for British Boat: The Wolseley-Siddeley Wins the Fifty Kilometres Race

One of the most exciting events of the meeting was the Fifty Kilometres Race, open to all racers without distinction, which was contested in a very choppy sea. After an excellent race with the Panhard-Levassor, the Wolseley-Siddeley won by 2 min., its time being 56 min. 17 2-5th sec.

THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT RACES

Humber



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6. L'Abbé Faria,	6 .....
7. Archibald Carlyle,	7. .....
8. Edith Milbank,	8. .....
9. Tom Thurnall,	9. .....
10. Ralph Peden,	10. .....
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22. Philip Hepburn,	22. .....
23. Althea Indagine,	23. .....
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25. Leonora Nixon,	25. .....
26. Coquette (Catherine Cassilis),	26. .....
27. Lord Luxmore,	27. .....
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The LIBRARY.

By VIVIAN CARTER

Each of us has his own particular fad anent the Scriptures. The last audience before which most of us would elect to air it would, however, I imagine, be one of children. An exception to this appears to be Mr. Harold Begbie. Invited to contribute "The Story of our Bible" to the *Children's Encyclopædia* of Messrs. Harmsworth, he has thought it an excellent opportunity to make a good slashing attack on the past of the Catholic Church. Mr. Begbie, it will be remembered, has already aired his views on the subject of the priesthood in a novel entitled *The Priest.* Among other pieces of information conveyed in this remarkable chapter is a statement that in the days of Wyclif, the Pope "filled England with Italian priests, who lived wicked lives, and made the people pay heavy taxes to the Church in order that the priests themselves might be rich." He then goes on to extol the virtues of Wyclif, who "taught men not to obey the Pope's commands, but to . . . . obey only Christ himself," and to tell us that Tyndale, after a stand against "the wickedness and cruelty of the Roman Pope," who had "made up his mind to get him out of the way," was (by the "cunning priests of Rome") put into prison, put to death, and his body was burned. "The English people," the little ones are further informed, "refused to have anything to do with the Pope and the Church of Rome."

* * *

The Catholic Press are, needless to say, much incensed at what they feel to be a deliberate perversion of historical facts. Of this, there is no particular need to speak here. Suffice it to say that to colour, by such bigoted sectarianism as this, a chapter intended for the instruction of the young hardly betokens a well-balanced mind. When one writes for children, one is expected not only to juvenilise one's style, but also to extirpate, as far as possible, one's prejudices. The *other* authors whose work figures in the *Encyclopædia* have, it seems, done both admirably.

* * *

If we have not very much to thank Miss Florence Warden for in character-creation, her new novel, *A Devil's Bargain* (Greening: 6*s.*), certainly presents us with some queer types. Of these, I am most interested in Isaac Wedgwood. He is a Jew who combines money-lending with — pickpocketing. Having, in his former capacity, put himself in possession of a ruined client's stately home, he offers to withdraw on condition that Dick, the son of the house ("handsome, darling Dick," from Oxford) joins his gang of thieves as a decoy. The gang specialises in stealing diamonds, tiaras, etc., at social "squashes," and Isaac thinks Dick will be an asset because of his suitability for the work of diverting the attention of persons at the opera, etc., while his confederates appropriate their gems.

Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings, the Author of this week's "Worldly" Short Story (page 133)

A promising young author, with a strongly individual style, who has frequently contributed short stories to THE BYSTANDER

* * *

I don't think Miss Warden is, in this matter of Isaac, quite fair to the Jewish race. Such a crude form of crime as larceny is one Jews usually prefer to leave to Christians. If they did steal jewels, they would probably make for the gems of the Gentiles, not those of rich London opera-goers. But I do not, in any case, think a Jew sufficiently safe in the mastery of the law to be a money-lender would be fool enough to break it in the unworthy capacity of thief. Thousand of years of devotion to laws have taught Jewry that wealth is more safely and more extensively acquired in the observance than in the breach of them. There are very few thieves in Scripture: such as there are, are invariably Gentiles. As to Dick's own conduct, it is absolutely beneath contempt. A man who would knowingly become a thief to keep his mother in *luxury* is not only a scoundrel, but a fool; such a tyro in ethics and logic alike certainly never came out of Oxford, and Miss Warden owes that University an apology. A woman, further, who would continue to enjoy luxury while clearly suspecting the honesty of her son's livelihood is entitled to no sympathy whatever, and if intended as a type of mother, is an insult to British womanhood. But I think the most monstrous allegation of the lot is that which represents Isaac as "arraying himself"—to receive guests formally invited to dinner in Maida Vale—"in a well-worn velveteen coat, a pair of light grey trousers, and a flowing necktie of red and green silk." I leave it to Maida Vale and the whole Jewish race to take such action as it thinks fit in face of this cruel reflection on their taste.

The Cultivation of Delphiniums

Among the taller herbaceous perennials, there are no plants more effective in the mixed border than delphiniums. Their beauty lies not only in their flowers, but also in their finely cut foliage. The stems are generally strong enough to stand without support, yet there is no stiffness about their contour. The colours include every shade of blue from the palest to the darkest, and a white form has recently been introduced. If they are cut down when they wither—that is, before seeds are produced—they will flower a second time towards the end of summer, a fact which gives them a great advantage over the majority of plants. If they are well cultivated, this second flowering does not injure them in the least. In the crowns there is always a number of buds which remain dormant so long as the sap is following easier channels along the stems already formed; but when those channels are stopped by the removal of the stems, the buds which offer the least resistance are forced into growth, and the stems which issue from them produce the second crop of flowers. One point, however, should be borne in mind. When the stems die down naturally, much of the valuable material employed in their making gradually recedes into the crowns and is there stored for future use. Obviously, if they are cut away while still green, it is lost to the plant, and the aim of the grower should be to replace it. For this reason, good cultivation is essential if two satisfactory crops of flowers are to be obtained in a single season. Water should be applied abundantly in dry weather, and an artificial fertiliser at intervals. It is not advisable to disturb the roots during growth, but in autumn some of the exhausted soil should be scraped away and the crumbling material of a spent hotbed substituted for it. Treated so, delphiniums will flower magnificently in the same positions for years.

Hollyhocks and Disease

Hollyhocks, of course, are still taller. Like delphiniums, they are wonderfully effective when well grouped and well grown. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to keep them free from disease—a disease which, even when it does not prevent their flowering, completely spoils their appearance. The cause is a minute fungus, very similar in its action to the one which attacks the potato. It develops inside, not outside, the tissues of the stems and leaves, and when it shows on the surface the mischief is already done, the brownish blotches being merely groups of spores. A fungicide will destroy the spores, and unless they are destroyed they will float in the air to other plants of the same genus, or lie in the soil until their opportunity arrives. But the fungus itself cannot be reached without the destruction of the tissues. In other words, when once it has gained entrance into a plant the disease cannot be cured. If, however, healthy hollyhocks are planted in soil free from spores, and are kept in perfect condition by good cultivation, they will remain immune. That is the secret of their successful cultivation. With plenty of water and plenty of food, they will rise up towers of beauty.

H. C. Davidson.

Photo *Newman*

An Effective Group of Delphiniums

Not only in their flowers, but also in their foliage lies the attractive effect of delphiniums in a mixed border. To obtain a second flowering before the end of the summer, they should be cut down when they wither

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Scotch and West of England Cheviots and Homespuns,
12/6 to **27/6**
Worsted, Blue Serges, and Flannels,
from **18/6** to **30/-**
Flannels, Plain and Stripe,
from **14/6**

Large Assortment always in Stock to choose from.

Boys' and Youths' Chesterfield Overcoats, from **16/6**
Youths' Rainproof Raglans, in various Shades, from **21/-**
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Jacket and Vest, from **17/6**
Trousers ... ,, **8/6**
White Vest ... ,, **3/6**
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Oxford Grey Black Rugby Jacket and Vest, **18/6**
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Latest Styles, Novelties, and Materials for the present Season.

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Boys' and Youths' Three-garment Suit,
Scotch and West of England Cheviots, Homespuns, and Flannels,
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Experts in Egypt for Connoisseurs everywhere.

In Three Sizes—**9/6, 7/6** and **6/6** per 100.

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For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings.

BAKING POWDER.

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STRENGTH & PURITY GUARANTEED.

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

I wonder, yes, I wonder very much indeed, what will be the net result of the threatened influx of American and French people for the Franco-British Exhibition. And the same thought is also uppermost in the minds of my many good friends, the heads of the large retail establishments. Will these visitors to our shores be lavish with their money, or will they not? That is the question. Great preparations are obviously being made in the premonition that they will, for never can I recall modes in a more advanced state, or the choice quite so exhaustive.

Jumpers

And here, if it please you, is one of the leading novelties. The title, however, is more catching than actually descriptive. Undoubtedly the majority of minds will fly to knitted garments of sorts, whereas the jumper is nothing more or less than a sleeveless Princesse pinafore gown, usually built of serge with a flat, pleated *trottoir* skirt and slightly *blousée* upper part, the two united by a folded silk waistbelt, the whole slipped or jumped into over a separate blouse. The description, I am afraid, does but inadequate justice to the reality, which has, fortunately, found its initial expression in the hands of the leading *couturières*, who are obviously prepared to keep the mode up to a high standard of worthiness. That it will ultimately fall into the grasp of the cheap plagiarising fraternity is a foregone conclusion. But, then, what does not nowadays? And after all, this is something you know in material and cut.

Projecting the mind forward, I think we might consider these jumpers in linen with some considerable advantage, bringing variety to bear in a relay of lingerie slips. The jumper has a remote connection in one's mind with the Djibbah, another craze of the moment, by the way, over which a certain artistic fraternity has gone more than a little mad. The trend is certainly backward to primitive persuasion; meanwhile, we have Miss Maud Allan in our midst confounding all the prudes by a thoroughly artistic and unsuggestive toilette of beads and a single gauze petticoat.

The Correct Aspect for an Evening Toilette

(An Original Design by Dorothy Millar)

The Correct Aspect for an Evening Toilette

Mrs. Dorothy Millar has given infinite attention to the pose of this figure, which illustrates to a nicety the figure that has successfully ousted the Gibson Girl. Instead of the ugly bend and puffed-out coiffure, we have long, slim, classical lines, and a head dressed *à la Grecque*. This beautiful gown of peplum silhouette is composed of an under-dress of silver tissue veiled dull peacock-blue chiffon, and over-draperies of elephant-grey chiffon, weighted with an embroidery carried out in grey sequins and shaded blue embroideries, chains of blue beads giving a barbaric appearance to the arms over a drapery of white tulle illusion, into a chemisette of which the *decolletage* melts. In the hair there is worn a blue osprey shot with green.

A Chic Hat

Our other illustration is of a *chic chapeau*, carried out in sorrel-green crin, the brim lined cinnamon, to which the natural marabout osprey tones. An elongated *chou* of sorrel-green chiffon ornaments the left side.

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

If ever solid proof were provided, that sound worth is the only sure road to success, it is offered by the above

named Company. It is becoming an old story now, and one more or less familiar, how a great skin specialist positively leapt into a unique position, that she has securely held without a single advertising note being struck. Furthermore, how speedily facing the limitations set up by one personality, it was decided, some three years ago, to offer the *modus operandi* in the shape of creams, emollients, tonics, etc., to the public through the medium of the Cyclax Company, who would otherwise be debarred from participating in these genuinely efficacious compounds by reason of the cost.

Nothing that is really good is really cheap, in the general acceptance of the term, and it has never been pretended, either by the pioneer herself or subsequently by the Company, that it is possible to satisfy the claims of people who have only a few shillings to spend. For this treatment, let it once again be explained, is no momentary beautifier, but an actual cure for practically every known, and, in more than one case, actually unknown, skin trouble.

Approximately there are some thirty preparations, and the selection of these is entirely in the hands of this past mistress in the work, who is, as ever, notwithstanding a yearly increasing strain of work, pleased to give personal advice, free of all charge, to any client making an appointment any Tuesday or Thursday, while for the benefit of those who are too far removed from the Metropolis to take advantage of this offer, the admirable postal system inaugurated serves excellently, each letter receiving Madame's personal attention. Naturally the constant claims upon her abilities have brought her perception up to an extremely fine point, and it is an illuminative experience to follow this trained intelligence either through the medium of that careful compilation, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," or by a personal interview.

Photo *Manuel*

An Attractive Hat

From a design by the Marescot Sœurs

Hygienic Specialists

Women who have hitherto counted for their beauty salvation on superficial applications will have their eyes opened wide over the common-sense rules laid down on hygiene, and, but for the infringement of professional confidence, it would be pleasurable to relate of cures that have been made that almost amount to the miraculous. There is a treatment for aggravated cases of acne pimples, a growing trouble in these self-indulgent days, the like of which has never before been attempted. Cases that have defied all medical application have succumbed steadily before the Cyclax applications. One thorn there is, even in this rose-strewn bed of success, and that is the occasional faithlessness, on the part of clients, who either take up the whole thing half-heartedly, or else switch off intermittently, under injudicious advice, to other remedies. Although not positively fatal, a fact that speaks volumes as to the efficacy of the Cyclax preparations, still, it is eminently amazing to such enthusiastic spirits as control the Company, who have, from the first, insisted on the truth being forced home that they are skin and hygienic specialists, not beauty doctors. That beauty, however, of various degrees and kinds almost inevitably results goes without saying.

And very particularly would I speak in favour of a certain hair stimulant, or scalp tonic, the theory holding good here that the condition of the scalp has a reflex action on the skin of the face and *vice versâ*. This is decidedly a fresh view of the case, and the soundness of the discovery is hall-marked by the unceasing demand for the lotion, the which the Company have recently, in compliance with repeated desires, decided to make up in 4*s*. bottles. After an illness, or as age gradually extracts the natural juices of the hair, the effect of this lotion is to restore almost immediately all the dispelled brilliancy and life.

Divided Garments of Milanese Silk and Satin

To make frank confession, I did not for a moment surmise the hint given in these columns a few weeks back, that petticoats would be abandoned, and short, close knickerbockers substituted, would be so speedily realised. That this is so, however, only goes to prove how firm a hold the clinging *jupe* has gained already. These undergarments are as skin-fitting also as it is possible to make them, those of satin fitted with a slotted elastic at the knee, with a similar arrangement at the back of the waist. Naturally, as behoves such a modish luxury, they are rendered as dainty as possible, through the medium of soft ribbon bows, etc. Those of Milanese woven silk are naturally considerably more clinging than the ones of satin, and deliciously cool. Meanwhile, such women as are determined to be fashionable or die, are practising at home or among their most intimate friends wearing evening gowns over a paucity of underwear. To ask for such a thing as a silk foundation is sufficient to brand oneself as prehistoric.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 228.—Vol. XVIII. Wednesday, April 15, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

ONE OF THE HIGHEST SPOTS IN THE COUNTY.

HERTS.—For SALE, 5 minutes from main line station, 40 minutes from Town.—Freehold HOUSE, with very pretty well-timbered gardens of over an acre, with tennis lawn. Good hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing. Fitted bathroom and offices. Gas and Company's water. Stabling, greenhouse, etc. Near beautiful common, and large village with churches and shops, and 4 miles from important market town.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

GRAVEL SUBSOIL. GOLF. HUNTING.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.—Unfurnished, or for SALE, picturesque RESIDENCE, surrounded by *finely timbered and fully matured grounds of* 13 *acres*, approached by 2 carriage drives with lodge entrances. Entrance and inner halls (heated), 3 reception and full-sized billiard rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices. Excellent stabling for 4. Model farmery. 2 cottages. Shady lawns for tennis and croquet, terraces, walled-in kitchen garden, grass and meadow-land. Gas and water laid on. Near church, post, and station. South-west aspect. —Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

13 ACRES.

BILLIARD ROOM.

COTTAGES.

LODGES.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL.

ADJOINING RICHMOND PARK.

UNFURNISHED, OR FOR SALE, secluded RESIDENCE, in gardens of over an acre, with tennis lawn. Gravel soil; S.E. aspect. 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall and offices, fitted bathroom. Gas and water. Main drainage. Stabling for 3, and men's rooms. The situation is excellent, being opposite Coombe Wood. Rent and price very moderate.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TROUT FISHING.

770 ACRES OF EXCELLENT SHOOTING.

MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SUSSEX.

ONLY £230 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—Quaint XVIIth Century MANOR HOUSE, with inglenooks and oak-panelled reception rooms, situate well away from road, surrounded by

GRANDLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

and meadow-lands of 40 acres. Drawing room (28ft. by 16ft.), dining room (22ft. by 21ft.), full-size billiard room, library (20ft. by 12ft.), study, 12 bedrooms, bath, offices. Stabling for 6, several outbuildings. Shady tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, trout stream, ornamental lake, boat-house, etc. 3 cottages. 1,600 pheasants, besides other game and rabbits, shot last season.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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for SALE, and to be LET, published in three parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—
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NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

SYDENHAM (in the best part).—"IRONGATES," an exceptionally attractive and well-appointed Freehold RESIDENCE, *of artistic design, splendidly planned, and replete with modern conveniences.* 10 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception, and

NOBLE BILLIARD ROOM,

conservatory, and offices. Tastefully laid-out pleasure grounds, *quaint box garden, ornamental flower lawn, rustic bridge, lovely natural woodlands, sunken tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, in all nearly 2 acres.* Electric light and gas. Company's water. For SALE by AUCTION, on April 30 (unless previously sold privately).—Details of the Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TO ANTIQUARIANS.

GENUINE XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE

CONTAINING ONE OF THE FINEST FRESCOES IN ENGLAND.

SUSSEX (in quaint old town of Rye).—For SALE, an old-world RESIDENCE, of great archæological interest, *possibly formerly one of the religious houses built in the reign of Edward IV.* Hall or lounge, oak-panelled and beamed, with two Tudor doorways, one with Tudor roses; oak-panelled dining room, in which was accidently discovered in 1906 *a remarkable fresco, over 500 years, 10f. long and 6ft. high, of mural design and richly coloured*, an illustration of which appeared in the Sussex Archæological Society's Book (1907). Outbuildings and garden. Extensive land and sea views; cottage.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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VALUABLE FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

WOODSIDE, MAIDENHEAD.

OVERLOOKING BOULTER'S LOCK.

On a favourite reach of the River Thames, 2 miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Wednesday, May 13, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously disposed of), the above famous RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, occupying a lovely position, commanding superb views of the celebrated Clieveden Woods; unrivalled boating facilities, golf. Accommodation: 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; Company's water and gas. National telephone. Two cottages. Model dairy, detached stabling. Delightfully disposed pleasure grounds, wide-spreading lawns for tennis and croquet, flower garden, roseries, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, and rich meadowland, in all about 11½ acres. The Property will first be offered as a whole.—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale may be obtained of Messrs. HARRISON and DAVIES, Solicitors, 13, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, W.

18 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.

9 OR 6½ ACRES. PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE.

TO BE SOLD, an attractive COUNTRY PROPERTY of 9 acres, with the above Residence: 4 reception and billiard rooms, conservatory, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and ample offices; stabling for 6; hunting, boating, and golf; house and 6½ acres only would be sold, if desired.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,510)

TO YACHTSMEN PARTICULARLY.

UNIQUE SITUATION.

ABOUT 2 HOURS OF TOWN.

MARINE PROPERTY OF 3 ACRES FOR SALE.—Attractive HOUSE, situated on sand soil in a sunny and bracing position: 4 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; winter garden; stabling for 4; cottage; old-world pleasure grounds sloping to the water's edge, with landing. Price very moderate.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,854)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

Jewels, pictures, plate, furniture and valuables are received daily for early sales. Contents of Town and Country Residences Sold on owners' premises. Sellers and Executors should consult Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, *9, Conduit Street, W.*

A BUILDING SITE of over ½ an acre in Victoria Grove, East Cowes, on high land overlooking the Recreation Ground, and near the Royal Naval School at Osborne, will be SOLD by AUCTION on May 13, unless sold privately beforehand.—Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

UNDER 1 HOUR OF TOWN.

STATION ½ MILE. 10½ ACRES.

FAMILY RESIDENCE. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

FOR SALE, at a low figure, the above attractive and substantially built RESIDENCE, standing in pleasure grounds of 10½ acres. The House is in perfect order, commands beautiful views, and contains: 4 reception and billiard rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, and complete offices; beautifully timbered pleasure grounds; stabling for 6; motor-house and pit; farmery; lodge; gas and Company's water. — Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,590)

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

BETWEEN WHITBY AND PICKERING.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD SPORTING ESTATE of about 785 acres, known as "ELLERON LODGE," situate 5 miles from Pickering Station, and including a comfortable House, containing: drawing and dining rooms, good billiard room, and 7 principal bedrooms; stabling for 7; old-world gardens, tennis lawns, woodland walks, ornamental lake and trout stream; productive kitchen garden; model farmery; 2 lodge entrances and cottages; home farm of 200 acres; beautiful woodlands with rhododendron walks, and grouse moor. The Estate will be offered in one Lot by

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY,

at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., in July, 1908, unless previously disposed of by private treaty.—Illustrated particulars with plan can be obtained of J. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Solicitor, Pickering; or of the Auctioneers, at their offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

TOWN HOUSES FOR THE SEASON.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have a choice selection of Furnished TOWN HOUSES to offer for the season in the following localities:

MAYFAIR	KENSINGTON
BELGRAVIA	HYDE PARK
PORTMAN ESTATE	PORTLAND ESTATE

A detailed list will be forwarded on receipt of applicant's requirements.

IN LOVELY OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, an attractive old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness and cleaning rooms; 2 cottages, and range of model farm buildings; modern sanitary arrangements; Company's water; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, with some fine specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawns, rosery, herbaceous borders, carnation and peach-houses; highly productive kitchen garden and fruit garden, well-grown ornamental woodland and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,863)

PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING. GOLF.

ABERGAVENNY DISTRICT (station ¼ mile).—For SALE or to LET, Unfurnished, an attractive stone-built RESIDENCE in the Italian style, surrounded by attractive pleasure grounds of an acre: 4 reception and 9 bedrooms, usual offices; stabling for 2; Company's gas and water; dry soil; good sporting neighbourhood.—Price, rent, and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,147)

FAVOURITE PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

FIRST-RATE TRAIN SERVICE.

TO BE SOLD, the above beautiful little RESIDENCE, in the Queen Anne cottage style, standing in its own grounds of 8 acres, the feature of which is a shady dell of 2½ acres, with rustic steps, winding walks, and shady nooks, forming in the summer a delightful retreat. The House has been built and equipped at a large expense, and the owner is willing to make a considerable sacrifice to secure a quick sale. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; first-rate stabling and outbuildings.—Full particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (3,757)

MAGNIFICENT POSITION ON THE CHILTERNS.

1½ MILES FROM STATION. 50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, charming HOUSE standing in park-like meadows of about 60 acres, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: fine lounge hall, 3 large reception rooms, 13 principal bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, attics for 4 or 5 maidservants, and accommodation for menservants if required; good stabling and outbuildings, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON (4½ miles from a station, about 1 hour from the City and West End).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above charmingly situated COUNTRY HOUSE, commanding most extensive views, and entirely surrounded by its own well-disposed grounds and park-like lands of 44 acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; detached billiard room; Company's water; modern drainage; stabling for 4; 2 cottages, etc.—Strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,555)

BANKS OF THE THAMES.

IN A PARTICULARLY CHOICE POSITION, about 1 mile from Marlow Town and Station, and 1½ from Cookham Station on the Great Western Railway, whence London is reached in about three-quarters of an hour. TWO IDEAL FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTIES, one distinguished as THE MANOR HOUSE, a faithful copy by a celebrated architect of a Residence of the time of Henry VIII., substantially built of brick, with tiled roof and rough-cast exterior, situated on the summit of a ridge commanding beautiful views of the river, and containing, on two floors: vestibule, grand hall, 4 reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 4 fitted baths, and spacious domestic offices; modern drainage; Company's water; matured pleasure grounds, good kitchen garden, and a suitable complement of glass; 450ft. frontage to the river; large boathouse with tea-room over; stabling for 5 horses; several useful farm buildings and 4 excellent cottages.

The other Property, adjacent to the above, is known as QUARRYWOOD COTTAGE, picturesquely situated at the foot of a hanging wood, and comprises a most attractive gabled RESIDENCE, containing: entrance and staircase halls, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses, with 4 living rooms; capital boathouse; pretty terraced gardens and tennis lawn extending to the river, to which there is a frontage of about 500ft.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION on Tuesday, May 19, 1908, at the Mart, E.C., at Two o'clock precisely (unless previously sold privately), first as a whole, and if not so sold, in Two Lots.—Particulars of Messrs. BRAIKENRIDGE and EDWARDS, Solicitors, 16, Bartlett's Buildings, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

30 MINUTES FROM THE CITY

BRENTWOOD AND INGATESTONE (between).—This charming COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling, farmery, beautiful but inexpensive pleasure grounds, and small well-timbered park of 35 acres. To be SOLD, price £8,000: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), billiard room, large reception rooms, ample offices; carriage drive approach, with entrance lodge. Included in the sale are 14 good cottages with gardens; first-class hunting with two packs; near polo ground, and easy reach of golf links; high situation; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,474)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant. — Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

£1,250 WILL PURCHASE the above very attractive FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, 250 feet above sea level, CHARMING SURROUNDINGS, station 2½ miles. Ashdown Forest and golf links 5 miles. Church, telegraph, and telephone 5 minutes: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, etc.; pretty terraced gardens, orchard, and paddock, in all 2 acres; shed for pony; good water and drainage, and in first-class order. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,624)

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—5,000 gns. will PURCHASE this capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

REIGATE.—To be SOLD or LET, picturesque COTTAGE RESIDENCE, part built 1626, with beautiful gardens, tennis lawn, greenhouse, and small stabling; rural situation, ½ mile from station: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), oak-panelled reception rooms; modern drainage; Company's water; electric light; close to 3 golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,601)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS (near Elstree.).—Exceptionally attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 5 or 14 acres to be SOLD; 5 minutes' walk from station, ½ hour from London; carriage drive with lodge entrance: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, studio, and every convenience; stabling for 3; motor-house; well-timbered attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; main drainage; 300ft. above sea.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,591)

TO GOLFERS.—Sandwich and Deal Golf Links (near).—Price, 4,000 guineas (Rent, £175) for the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 17 acres: stabling for 8; 2 cottages; charming grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and meadowland; 12 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 large reception rooms, conservatory, servants' hall; Company's water; a mile from station, 2 miles from the sea.—Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,422)

HERTS.—In a lovely district, 40 minutes from London, to be SOLD (or LET, Furnished), an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall and offices; gas and Company's water; ¾ mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS (near Walton Heath Golf Links).—To be LET, Unfurnished, CAPITAL COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, and 5½ acres of charming but inexpensive grounds; kitchen garden, orchard, and glasshouses; 1¼ miles from a station; magnificent views; 8 bed and dressing rooms; bath (h. and c.); 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4; coachman's rooms. Electric light, modern sanitation, and every convenience.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,612)

IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE, amidst absolutely rural surroundings, 2 miles from a station, and 35 minutes only from the City.—An exceptional opportunity now occurs of securing at a very moderate price a singularly choice little PROPERTY of about 10 acres, with old-fashioned Residence, in perfect order; stabling; gardens, and well-timbered park-like surroundings. This Property is for SALE on account of the owner going abroad. — It has been personally inspected and is very strongly recommended as a bargain by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,553)

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL MARINE AND MOORLAND SCENERY.

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY (between; 1 mile from the coast, with good bathing, 2 miles from moors, 4½ miles from Scarborough).—For SALE, the above desirable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high, on gravel soil, with stabling, farmery, charming gardens, grounds, and meadowland, in all nearly 20 acres; first-class trout fishing on the Property: 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), large lounge hall suitable for full-sized billiard room, drawing and dining rooms, and offices; electric light; modern drainage and other conveniences; House could easily be added to if required. — Inspected and highly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,753)

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BYFLEET, SURREY.—A most conveniently and well-placed RESIDENCE, in a pretty part between Weybridge and Byfleet: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; motor-house; lovely grounds, 3 acres; tennis lawn.—Will be submitted to AUCTION, at a low reserve, in May, by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,686)

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IRELAND (Kingstown).—This exceedingly choice Old-fashioned RESIDENCE in a pretty part: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 3; cottage; pretty grounds 10 or 30 acres. To be SOLD or LET Unfurnished.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,408)

NORFOLK.—In a dry and bracing district. This charming RESIDENCE to be LET, Furnished, by the year: 20 bed, bath, 4 reception, billiard room; stabling; inexpensive gardens. 1,000 acres capital mixed shooting.—All particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HANTS (on the Borders of the New Forest, within 1 mile of the sea).—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer months, charmingly placed RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-timbered park-like land and grounds of about 10 acres: fine entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5; coachman's cottage.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,214)

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ONE HOUR SOUTH.—To be SOLD, the above Replica of a TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, standing in prettily laid-out grounds of 8 acres, approached by long carriage drive with lodge: lounge and inner hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4; electric light.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,411)

DORKING AND LEATHERHEAD (between), in a lovely Surrey village.—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 2 acres: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling; electric light.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,752)

ISLE OF WIGHT (in a favourite part).—Charmingly situated old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 2½ acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 2 attics, etc.; stabling (3); golf links. Price £2,000, Freehold.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,307)

SOMERSET.—To be SOLD, beautifully placed RESIDENCE, with pretty grounds of 1½ acres, carriage drive, lodge: hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling; electric light; excellent hunting. Price, £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,383)

BUCKS (30 minutes of London).—To be LET, Unfurnished, exceedingly choice small COUNTRY RESIDENCE; exceptionally pretty grounds, 4½ acres, tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, large orchard, paddock: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathrooms; stabling. Rent, £90.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,423)

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HERTS, ST. ALBANS (within a drive of).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE for summer: 13 bed, bath, 4 reception, billiard room; stabling; well-timbered grounds; large kitchen garden, etc.; 15 acres. Rent, 20 gns. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,394)

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Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,212)

SURREY (in the delightful neighbourhood of Ockley).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned FARMHOUSE: square entrance "well" hall, drawing room (24ft. by 16ft., with large bow), dining room (16ft. by 16ft.), morning room leading to glass-covered verandah, which is furnished during the summer months; the ceiling of the morning room is all genuine, original old oak beams; principal and secondary staircases leading to 6 bedrooms, bathroom, large kitchen with original oak beams, excellent offices; stabling for 2; coach-house, harness room; garden, in all 1 acre with pond; main water supply, good drainage.

Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above.
(U 1,183, S 672)

IN A BERKSHIRE VILLAGE.

£1,800 WILL PURCHASE the above quaint old house, recently converted from 2 cottages with every care that the best parts of their character should be retained: lounge hall (20ft. by 14ft.), with open fireplace and oak-timbered ceiling, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; 3½ acres of well-timbered grounds; main water supply.

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WILTS (2½ miles from main line station on the G.W. Railway).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly compact little PROPERTY of genuinely old character, thatched and most picturesque, standing 400ft. above sea level; lodge, gardener's cottage. Accommodation: hall (23ft. by 8ft.), drawing room, dining room (16ft. 3in. by 15ft. 3in.), smoking room (16ft. 6in. by 11ft. 2in.), usual offices, butler's pantry; principal and secondary staircases leading to 6 best bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, fitted bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 3 horses, 1 loose box, coach-house, etc.; beautifully timbered grounds, shaded lawns, tennis, well-matured walled-in kitchen garden, in all 5 acres; close to golf.

Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,190)

BERKS.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE the above picturesque old RESIDENCE, situate in an old-world Berkshire village, within 5 minutes' walk of the Thames, 2½ miles of station, whence Town is reached in just over the hour: lounge hall, dining, drawing rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 3, coach-house or garage; well-timbered grounds, including tennis or croquet lawn. Would be LET on Lease.

Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,187)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD, a handsome modern MANSION, standing in well-timbered park and pleasure grounds of 50 acres, charmingly placed midst picturesque scenery on the bank of the River Eden. It is approached by a winding drive, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: vestibule with groined ceiling, grand corridor (78ft. long by 15ft. 7in. wide), panelled ceiling, elegant stone staircase with large stained glass window. Communicating with each other are music room (23ft. 8in. by 15ft.), drawing room (29ft. 4in. by 21ft. 11in.), library (35ft. 5in. by 19ft. 8in.), dining room (30ft. 6in. by 28ft. 8in.), magistrate's or business room; ample domestic arrangements. Above are 13 bedrooms, 6 dressing rooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, 3 w.c.'s, bathroom, etc.; heated throughout; gas and water laid on; stabling for 12 horses, large coach-house, etc.; courtyard and 3 cottages; the pleasure grounds are very pretty and well stocked with shrubs and ornamental trees, productive kitchen garden, extending to nearly an acre, greenhouse, vinery, orchard. Price on application. Part of purchase money could remain on mortgage.

Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,196)

20 ACRES (MORE OR LESS). BILLIARD ROOM.

HERTS (within 1¾ miles of station, and ½ hour by fast train to Town).—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, the above half-timbered RESIDENCE, of pleasing elevation, approached by drive with lodge at entrance, and standing in well-timbered grounds of nearly 20 acres: dining room, drawing room, billiard room, study, usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room. On the upper floor are 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 lavatories, 2 w.c.'s.; stabling consists of 5 stalls, 2 loose boxes, 3 coachhouses, man's room with hay loft, granary, and 4 living rooms over. The gardens include 3 tennis or croquet lawns, conservatory, greenhouse, vinery, forcing house, etc.; electric installation throughout.

Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above.
(U 1,194, E 1,305)

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A MOST CHARMING AND UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 8 acres, rarely to be met in so complete a form.

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MUSIC ROOM.	4 SERVANTS' ROOMS.
5 RECEPTION ROOMS.	3 DRESSING AND 2 BATHROOMS.

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The pleasure grounds include tennis lawn, bowling green, kitchen garden; flower and fruit gardens, etc. Farmery of 42 acres may be rented. Whole in perfect order.

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TO BE LET OR SOLD, this charming GOTHIC RESIDENCE, occupying a picturesque situation and enjoying enchanting views. It is expensively fitted, a feature being the handsomely carved pitch-pine woodwork. Approached by a long carriage drive, with entrance lodge. The accommodation comprises: fine entrance hall leading to inner hall, handsome staircase, elegant drawing room with stone arch and marble pilasters, boudoir, dining room with fine ceiling, library, ample offices, servants' hall, butler's pantry, laundry and ironing room. Above are 15 bed and dressing rooms, large room admirably adapted for billiard room, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 8 horses, coach-house, 2 rooms over; the grounds are beautifully timbered, ornamental plantations with banks of rhododendrons, through which winds a trout stream crossed by a rustic bridge, tennis lawn, etc.; fruit and vegetable gardens, vineries, peach-houses, etc.; shooting over 1,500 acres may be rented. Rent and price on application.

Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,193)

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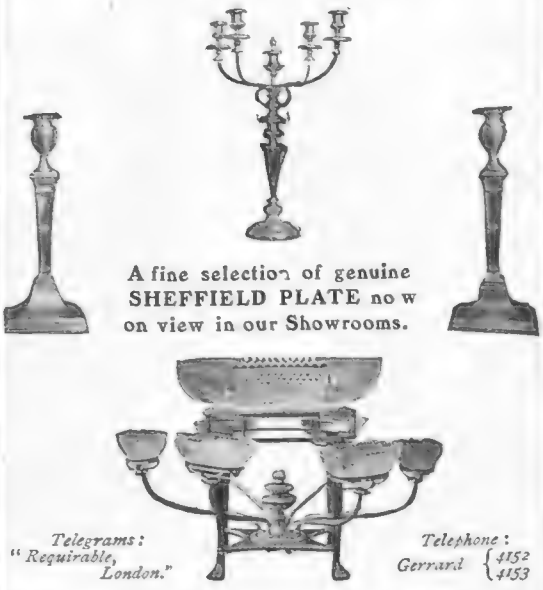

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A CHARMING BIJOU VILLA, close to Tube station: 4 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, etc. Lease about 9 years. Moderate rent and premium.—Write for particulars to "Recluse," Box K 7,924, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE LITTLE HOUSE, situated within a few minutes of the Marble Arch, held for 14 years at a Ground Rent of only £3, may be PURCHASED, or would be LET. There are 4 bedrooms, bathroom, double drawing room, conservatory, dining and morning rooms; electric light.—Write to "Motor," Box K 7,900, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE LEASE OF ONE OF THE CHOICEST small HOUSES in MAYFAIR is to be SOLD at a very reasonable figure. The accommodation consists of 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 5 horses; unexpired term about 13 years.—For terms apply to Box K 7,903, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE LOW SUM OF £550 will BUY the LEASE of a charming RESIDENCE close to NORTH GATE, REGENT'S PARK. The House overlooks the Park, and contains: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses.—Box K 7,794, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, a charming DETACHED HOUSE with every modern convenience, electric light, and good garden, close to Ealing Station (G.W.Rly.). It contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall and billiard room.—Box K 7,911, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY occurs of acquiring quite privately one of the old-fashioned VILLAS on the summit of Campden Hill. It has Southern aspect and is quaintly arranged. The accommodation includes: 8 bedrooms and 3 reception rooms.—Box K 7,695, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.—HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a beautifully built and compact moderate-sized RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main line station, from whence London is reached in half an hour. The House stands in about 8 acres of charming pleasure grounds, and contains: pretty lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling and outbuildings. Photos can be seen.—Full particulars on application to Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A SMALL COMPACT STUD FARM, near famous Downs, to be SOLD; 50 acres of grass and first-rate buildings, large up-to-date stabling, perfectly equipped, and excellent gentleman's Residence.—Full particulars of "H.J.," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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UNIQUE YACHTING RESIDENCE (within easy reach of London).—It comprises a pretty Residence, occupying a bright and cheerful situation, on sand soil, in 3 acres of heavily timbered grounds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, and 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; good stabling and cottage. Price low.—Full particulars of Box K 3,854, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY (near good golf links and not over the hour from Town), preferably an OLD HOUSE, in well-matured grounds of several acres; must stand fairly high: 8 to 12 bedrooms and at least 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 or 4 horses. Photos carefully returned.—Full particulars, "G.," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

COURTFIELD GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—For SALE by Executors, at an exceedingly low price to close estate. The House is well built, and overlooks ornamental grounds; 3 minutes from Gloucester Road Tube; 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; modern drainage; 64 years' lease at £2 ground rent.—Box K 7,666, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SOUTHAMPTON (4 miles from).—For SALE, Freehold, a capital old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in well-timbered grounds (12 acres): 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), morning room, spacious drawing room and dining room, handsome staircase and lounge hall; good drainage; Company's water; telephone; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, and motor-house; cottage, greenhouses, charming grounds.—Apply, H.M., c/o COX and SHARLAND, 150, High Street, Southampton.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL (the healthiest suburb). Exceptional opportunity.—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice, Charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, designed by Mr. Arnold Mitchell, built under his superintendence; magnificently decorated, oak panelling and floors; ideal garden: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing rooms, with bath, bathroom, linen cupboard, etc., kitchen, servants' sitting room, all usual offices; electric light. Cost over £6,000 to build.—Photos and plans can be seen, full particulars, and cards to view of SIBUN and SONS, 74, Cheapside, E.C.

SURREY.—To be SOLD, Freehold, the above attractive modern RESIDENCE, situated on high ground, with gravel soil, containing: drawing room with panelling around, dining room with inglenook oak-panelled, morning room, hall (30ft. by 18ft. and 35ft. by 17ft.) which can be divided if desired to form separate billiard room, 2 fireplaces, oak-panelled around to height of doors with beams and timbers showing on ceiling, oak floors and doors to principal rooms and hall, principal staircase of oak throughout; offices include servants' sitting room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, all on first floor; 3 bathrooms; heated linen closet, boxroom, good cellarage; lift for coals, and hot-water radiators on both floors; Company's water; about 6 acres; additional land if required; good golf near.—Apply, Box G, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St E.C.

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A Woman's Note Book

The Spirit of Exac'ness

The spirit of exactness ruling us in all things has become very rampant of late years. There is a general tendency to reduce everything and everybody to a level, and not a very high level either, but a distinctly ordinary and easily reachable one. This would be very crushing to individual enterprise if our spirits did not soar indignantly above it. The latest outcome of our exact and mathematical frame of mind has been a loud outcry for the fixing of Easter. We cannot bear anything unexpected; it comes as a shock to our nervous system, and altogether upsets the gentle equilibrium which is the result of knowing exactly where we are in the calendar. But I think there would be something rather dull about fixing Easter. Besides, we should none of us agree about the best date. The season, we must remember, implies a holiday for all, and those who do not get many holidays would be influenced in their choice entirely by considerations of long days and good weather. As it is, there is enough variation about the season to give everybody in turn a chance of satisfaction and pleasure.

A Plea for the Town Garden

Last week we published photographs of a practical example in Berkshire of gardening on the French system, which, it is said, may revolutionise our ideas of horticulture. Certainly in this respect British prejudice might do much by allowing itself to be dispelled by the foreigner. The miserable little patches, called gardens, which are attached to small houses are, especially in towns, a disgrace to our nation. So much could be done if we would only think of it, and work for it, to make the surroundings a little less depressing. Wonders have been worked in the country districts by Flower Show committees and horticultural societies, but in the small towns, where smoke does not yet reign supreme, there is ample scope for energy—yet in actual fact we witness desolation.

Women and Meals

One who should know has asserted that thoughts on food are distasteful to women. If so, it is specially hard that to us is confided the task of ordering the dinner. In truth, women do not mind thinking about food in the least, but it frequently bores them to eat it. Through their capacity of housewives meals plays quite an important part in women's crowns of glory. I know one at least to whom a well-regulated, amply stocked store-cupboard is far more interesting than an artistic drawing-room. All this interest, however, is rather towards management and the welfare of a family; for it is an undisputed fact that if women are left to their own devices, and have no one else to provide for, or to join, in those hours set apart for eating, they live on buns or sandwiches partaken of while standing, and possess a general tendency towards half-starving themselves. If there is any need for economy, food is the first thing in which a woman is ready and willing to stint herself.

LADY PHYLLIS.

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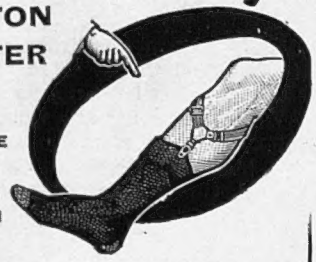

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Menu

Soups.
Fish.
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A Spring-time Luxury.

"THE BEST DISH NOW IN SEASON."

THE
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HOT LIQUIDS KEEP HOT for 24 Hours.
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No Chemicals,
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Will not Deteriorate with Use

FIXED PRICES:
Pint - - 21/-
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Every Traveller needs one.
Invaluable in the Nursery or Sick Room.
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The Menu: SOME USEFUL FISH RECIPES

Salt Fish à la Maître d'Hotel

After having boiled the fish, flake it off clear from the bones, and strip away every morsel of skin, then lay it in a very clean stewpan, and pour over it some Maître d'Hotel Sauce, made as follows: Melt 2oz. of butter, add the same of flour, pepper and salt to taste, and half a pint of hot water; stir till it thickens. If too thick, add a little milk. Mix two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley with ½oz. of butter and some lemon-juice, add this to the sauce, and having well stirred the fish until all is well mixed, serve at once, with a border of mashed parsnips or potatoes.

Fillets of Sole à la Reine

A large sole is required for this dish, and it must be filleted. Spread the fillets on one side with a layer of stuffing made of breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and cayenne, and a little beaten egg. Roll up the fillets of sole and tie each one round with tape, boil them in water with a little salt till tender, drain them, and put them aside. Make a white sauce with a little stock thickened with flour, mixed to a smooth paste with cold milk, add a piece of butter, two cloves, pepper, and salt, let this simmer till flavoured; strain, put back in the saucepan, add a spoonful of cream and the beaten yolk of an egg. Put the cooked fillets of sole in this sauce to get quite hot, but it must not boil after the cream and egg are added Remove the tape carefully, and dish the fillets upright with the sauce round them.

Red Mullet (aux Tomates)

Well butter a casserole dish, and lay in it, side by side, half a dozen red mullet, sprinkle them with pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and about a teaspoonful of chopped onion or shallot, then add about six tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce. Cover the whole with a sheet of buttered paper, and bake for half an hour. Serve in the casserole dish.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold cooked white fish you have, arrange it in a salad bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine, and chopped egg, some chopped gherkins, and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced potato, and pour mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkins and capers and a little beetroot cut in stars.

Cod's Roe Cutlets

The roe must be boiled slowly for thirty minutes; put in the water one tablespoonful of vinegar and one of salt. When cooked, let it drain and get cold. Then cut it into slices about half an inch thick, and trim to a neat shape. Brush the slices over with egg, cover with bread-crumbs, and fry in boiling fat a golden brown. Drain on paper, serve on croûtons of fried bread spread lightly with anchovy paste, and garnish with fried parsley and cut lemon.

Salmon Soufflé

Make a sauce with 1oz. of butter, ½oz. of flour, and a quarter of a pint of milk, stir till it thickens; add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce and the yolk of an egg; rub 2oz. of cooked salmon through a sieve, season well with cayenne and salt, add it to the other ingredients, last of all stir in the white of an egg beaten stiff, grease a tin mould, put a buttered paper round, half fill with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven.

Whitebait

Wash the fish carefully, fingering as little as possible. Shake them in a well-floured cloth. Have ready a stew-pan of boiling fat. (The fat must be hotter for whitebait than any other fried fish.) Fry a few at a time, and put them to drain on paper in front of the fire. Slices of lemon and thin brown bread and butter are served with whitebait. Time to cool, two or three minutes. Never cease shaking the frying basket when the whitebait is cooking.

EMILIA.

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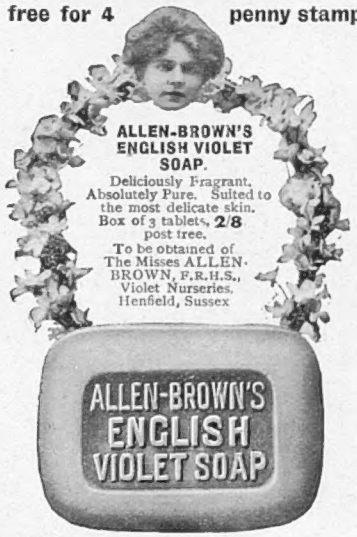
ONE OF THE CHOICEST
Sparkling Wines of France
Obtainable everywhere. 48/- per dozen.

A Sample Tablet will be sent post free for 4 penny stamps



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6d., 1/-, & Gross Boxes of all Stationers.
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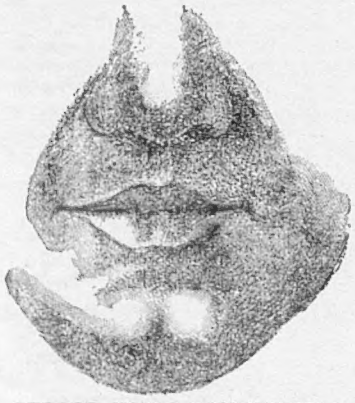
You can see the Difference made by "Antexema"

UNHEALTHY SKIN IS RENDERED CLEAR, HEALTHY, AND SPOTLESS.
EVERY SKIN ILLNESS INSTANTLY RELIEVED AND SPEEDILY CURED.

YOU cannot look at the two illustrations without realising the extraordinary contrast. In the one picture you see the face of a skin sufferer who is disfigured, humiliated, and worried by skin illness, and in the other the same face is seen, clear, spotless, and unblemished. This wonderful transformation has been worked by "Antexema," which will do as much for you as it has already done for thousands of others.

Nothing so detracts from the appearance as redness or roughness of the skin, pimples or blackheads on the face, or a bad complexion. "Antexema" is not offered to the public as a skin beautifier, though on this ground alone it ranks very high, and innumerable men and women whose skin was disfigured have now a clear skin owing to its use. "Antexema" does not plaster over or cover up skin blemishes, as so-called beautifiers do, but removes the disfigurement and, by rendering the skin healthy, restores the beautiful complexion with which Nature endowed you.



BEFORE USING "ANTEXEMA"

Never forget the important fact that your skin does not become seriously ill without warning. Before any severe skin complaint attacks you, there are always signs that something is wrong. Eczema and such troubles do not get you in their grip without first of all giving you notice of their approach. The point for you is to heed Nature's warning. Do that, and you will escape skin illness.

Go and Look at Your Mirror

and see whether your skin is healthy. If it looks red, rough, cracked, or chafed, or if you have a rash, eruption, or breaking-out upon it, this is clear proof it is unhealthy, and that you should apply "Antexema" immediately. You will thus obtain instant relief, and the progress of your skin affection will at once stop, and you will start on the road to perfect skin health. At the same time, you must take "Antexema Granules" to purify your blood, and make it an invaluable rule to use "Antexema Soap" for both bath and toilet, as it embodies the fragrance and healing, antiseptic virtues of the pine forest. In this way you stop any threatened skin complaint and avoid future discomfort and disfigurement.

"Antexema" is a Common-sense Remedy

Where is the sense of using a messy, and possibly injurious, ointment if you are suffering from eczema or some other skin illness? You say you hope it will do you good; but the question is, "Does it?" No! You find that it does you no good, and, as a matter of fact, your skin trouble seems worse than it was before you began using it. The reason is simple. You are not following common-sense lines and adopting Nature's method of cure. Any kind of ointment almost will make the bad place feel comfortable just while it is on—that is, supposing the numerous bandages which you have to use to prevent the greasy ointment spoiling your clothes, allow you any comfort at all. The moment the ointment is removed the trouble is as bad as before.

What are the requirements of a common-sense cure? A common-sense remedy should at once dry over the affected part and form a convenient, invisible, air-proof covering which will keep out dust, grit, and germs, which do terrible mischief when they find entrance. A common-sense cure is one that will

Instantly Stop the Distressing Irritation

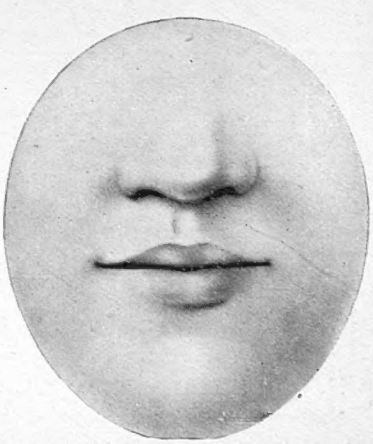
and burning pain, and enable a new and healthy skin to grow in place of an old unhealthy skin. That is precisely what "Antexema" does. That's exactly why it succeeds where everything else fails. "Antexema" is a cooling, soothing, healing, creamy liquid which, when gently applied to the sore, cracked, inflamed, or broken skin, dries at once, and thus becomes invisible. This is a very great advantage if the face, neck, or hands are affected, because it enables "Antexema" to be applied freely during the day without anyone being the wiser.

If your skin is troubled in any way, use "Antexema" once: you will need no more persuasion. You will be convinced that "Antexema" is what you need.

Thousands of Grateful Letters

have been received from former sufferers who have been cured of blackheads, eczema—both dry, moist, scaly, acute, and chronic—bad legs, ringworm, pimples, barber's rash, and every other variety of skin illness. No skin trouble can resist the healing influence of "Antexema." It cures every skin complaint, from the slightest to the most serious and advanced. "Antexema" cures baby's skin ailments just as thoroughly as it cures those of adults who have been tormented by skin illness for years. The most painful and disfiguring skin affections arise from small beginnings. A little red spot, slight soreness, an inflamed pimple, intolerable itching, or something similar is always the first sign that your skin is unhealthy. Adopt "Antexema" treatment at this stage and you will nip the trouble in the bud. Neglect, however, will mean that the trouble will spread and become chronic, and you will thus have to suffer a great deal of discomfort and disfigurement as the price of your neglect.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* or post free, direct, plain wrapped, 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, from the Antexema Company, 83,. Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" is also supplied by Chemists and Stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions.

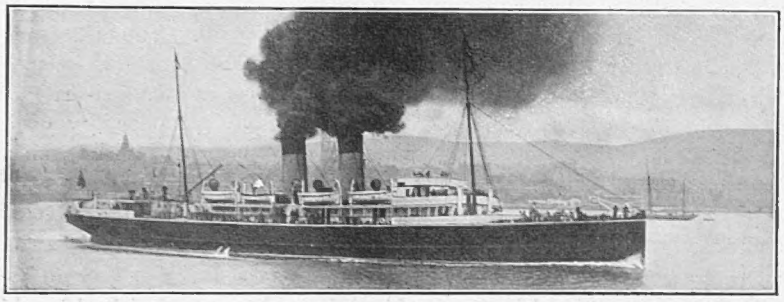


AFTER USING "ANTEXEMA"

The Editor's Box

A Wine Merchants' Dinner

A dinner was given at the Florence recently by Mr. F. T. Giesler, of the well-known firm of champagne growers, to the wine brigade, at which there were about fifty guests, many representing the large wine houses of London. The table decorations were a triumph of unique and artistic design, the flowers being so arranged that the tables appeared to be two huge champagne bottles. The dinner itself was, as is usual with dinners at this charming restaurant, a great success. After dinner there was a concert under the direction of Signor Tito Mattei.



The New Irish Day Service : The L. and N.W. Railway's ss. "Anglia" Starting on her First Trip

The new Express Day Service between Kingstown and Holyhead was inaugurated on Wednesday, April 1, by the sailing of the ss. *Anglia* from Kingstown

Maskelyne and Devant's

St. George's Hall is closed during Holy Week until Saturday, April 18, when performances will be given at three and eight o'clock. New attractions for the Easter holidays will be the performances of the Technopathists, and of two wonderful talking birds, who will carry on a conversation between themselves and answer questions put to them by members of the audience.

An Easter Gift

A charming and most appropriate little Easter gift is one of Messrs. S. Mordan's "Just Out" Pincushions. It represents a chicken just emerging from an egg, and may be obtained in silver in four sizes, price 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* On being knocked over, this cushion has the added advantage of righting itself automatically. We wish we could add that it chirps its whereabouts when lost. This, perhaps, is an improvement to be looked for next year.

"The College Widow"

In our last issue we published a scene from *The College Widow*, the great American success, which is being produced at the Adelphi on Easter Monday. We find that the information supplied to us was not correct, and that the central figure is not Miss Gertrude Quinlan, but the lady in question is the College Widow's chaperon. Miss Frances Ring will be seen in the title-rôle of the piece, which she has already played over 600 times in the States, and Miss Quinlan will also appear in her original part of Flora Wiggins.

This Week's Supplement

Of the many Supplements which have been presented from time to time with The Bystander, we feel that none is more attractive or more worth keeping than the powerful crayon impression, by Mr. R. G. Mathews, of Mr. H. B. Irving in his father's great part — Dubosc in *The Lyons Mail*. Mr. Mathews's work is already well known in Canada and the States, but the public on this side are comparatively unacquainted with it. Of its excellence, our Supplement is sufficient testimony, and as Mr. Mathews has joined The Bystander staff, readers may with pleasure look forward to other examples of his work in the near future.

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FIRST IN ALL TRIALS
2 oz PKTS 1/- 1/4lb TINS 2/-
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